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Contents

The Week 226

Editorials

The Case of Andrew Mellon 229
"Paternalism"—or Slums? 230
Railroad Peace with Justice 232

General Articles

A Gathering of Christian Youth.....
.....Robert Morss Lovett 234
The Small Town Press Sells Out .....
.....Carroll D. Clark 236
Washington Notes .....T. R. B. 239
Opéra Comique .....Edmund Wilson 240
Texas Lights .....Stark Young 241
Syrian Prayer (Verse).....Witter Bynner 242
Three Clowns .....Gilbert Seldes 243
The Bandwagon 244
Nostalgia (Verse) .....Joseph Auslander 244

Correspondence 245

Reviews of Books

"H. W. M." .....Harold J. Laski 246
The Indian or the Agent? .....E. Vincent 247
A Literary "Baron" .....Abbe Niles 248
Our Mother Tongue .....John M. Manly 248
Property in Persons .....Dorothy Bacon Woolsey 250
A Philosophical Problem .....Morton Mott-Smith 250
Shelley's Mysticism .....Woodbridge Riley 251

The Week

AMERICAN relations with Mexico are once again following their usual course. The United States government takes strong exception to two new Mexican laws which provide, in effect, that foreign owners of oil lands must accept the legal status of Mexican citizens in regard to such ownership; and that no foreigner may own Mexican land near the seacoast or other boundaries of the country. The text of our protest has not been made public as these lines are written; but comment from administration circles states that our only criticism is of the allegedly retroactive character of the legislation, said to violate promises made to us when we granted recognition. On the face of it, Washington has a fairly good case provided the promise was given as stated; but the inevitable fate which seems to hang over all our dealings with our southern neighbor has caused us, as usual, to blunder in the tactics pursued. For the impression created in Mexico is that we are again trying to interfere in purely domestic legislation, as we have so often done in the past. Mexico, bitter and angry, replies through Foreign Minister Saenz that any American who feels himself unjustly treated after the laws have gone into effect, may apply to the Mexican courts for redress; and that if these courts fail to grant him justice it may be time for the American government to interest itself.

WE feel Mr. Saenz's point is well taken. The Mexican constitution of 1917 contains a number of provisions which run contrary to the general philosophy of unrestricted private enterprise which is at present prevalent in the United States. Some of these, and notably the provisions for breaking up the great haciendas and those reserving to the state the ownership of all subsoil mineral rights, are believed by Americans to endanger property rights of our nationals in Mexico, obtained in good faith prior to the adoption of the constitution. This is the legal situation; but the human fact is that every attempt thus far on the part of our government to protest against the situation thus created has resulted in a state of tension between the two countries which has dangerous potentialities of war. The Mexicans are unanimous in feeling that they have a perfect moral right to pass whatever laws they please covering the ownership of property within the boundaries of their own territory. The United States insists that they have not, when these laws are confiscatory of the property of American citizens. Some day, our people will have to make up their minds whether the maintenance of a friendly relationship with Mexico is worth more to the country than insistence upon a doctrine which in effect is no more than extra-territoriality: the doctrine that American capital must carry with it to any part of the world the same unusual degree of protection it enjoys within the boundaries of the United States.

THE behavior of the Democratic party in the House and Senate with respect to the proposed Republican tax legislation is a complete exposure of the claim which is put forward at every presidential election that the Democrats stand for a progressive alternative to the Republicans. The objection to the Republican bill from the progressive point of view is that it reduces taxes too much at a time when the country can well afford to pay them and when it is important to take advantage of

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the present prosperity to diminish the national debt. But in so far as taxes are reduced they should be removed from consumption rather than from income and from the lower rather than the higher income tax schedules. The Democratic leaders in Congress have never shown the slightest interest in these objections to the Republican plan. In the House they confessed to bankruptcy by proposing no alternative plan. On the other hand, the Democratic Senators are not content to play the part of "Me too" to the Republican lead. They prefer to vindicate Democracy by being more Republican than the Republicans. They propose to reduce taxation by an additional $200,000,000 and to give the benefit of this reduction to their suffering fellow-countrymen with incomes from $20,000 to $100,000, to the corporations and to theatregoers and club members. This is the party which claims the benefit of the tradition of Jefferson, Gallatin, Jackson and Cleveland.

CLEARLY there can be no health in American politics as long as one of the parties in a two-party government has no idea, in relation to a major and highly controversial question of national economic policy, except to imitate its opponents. Every tradition of the Democratic party and the precedents which its Congressmen established in 1921 and 1923 should have prompted the Democrats to oppose the reduction of the super-taxes, to propose the removal of indirect rather than direct taxation, and to urge the rapid payment of the public debt. But they did none of these things. Their refusal means, of course, that Democracy differs in name only from Republicanism and that the Democratic party has practically resigned as an alternative to the Republican party. The former is still suffering from the effect of the bitter quarrel in the last Convention, ending as it did in a feeble and meaningless compromise. The inglorious result of this conflict deprived the party of its moral self-confidence. Its members are not keyed up to fight the Republicans. They are preparing when the time comes to fight one another, and it looks as if the next contest would result, not in another example of a peace without either victory or integrity, but in a fight to the bitter end and a final schism.

THE League of Nations celebrates its sixth birthday in an atmosphere decidedly better than that which marked its fifth. The past twelve months have seen the signing of the Locarno Pact, with its wholesome restoration of such a sanity in international relations as Europe has not witnessed for fifteen years. They have seen the settlement of the Greco-Bulgarian dispute through the League's auspices, in a situation which at any moment in past history would almost certainly have led to war. The long-disputed question of German membership in the League has at last been solved. The degree of cooperation from the United States has steadily increased, culminating in the decision of the Coolidge administration to take part in the preliminary conference on disarmament. Even Russia has lately been shaping her foreign policies to conciliate and cooperate with Western Europe as represented in the League, and is likely to participate in the preliminary disarmament conference provided it is held outside the borders of Switzerland, which has been boycotted by Russia since the assassination of a diplomatic representative several years ago. The League is still, to be sure, much less than the aggressive leader in world affairs which some of its enthusiastic friends describe it as being. On the other hand, even its bitterest enemies are coming to see that most of their fears regarding it were unjustified. As it enters its seventh year, its chance of survival is certainly much greater than would have seemed possible a year ago.

WE don't know exactly why Mr. Leland L. Summers, a technical adviser to J. P. Morgan and Co., should treat Mr. Hoover with such scant respect, but we do know that he made excellent fun of him in a recent interview in the New York Times. What is a "fair price" for rubber, anyway? If raw rubber from the British colonies is now above it, what about the stock of a great American rubber manufacturing corporation, which has risen from $36 in 1922 to $125 at present? If we are now paying $11,000,000 a year to the Chilean nitrate monopoly, what has happened to the German nitrate patents, which were among the 4,000 seized during the War by our Alien Property Custodian and sold to the Chemical Foundation for the paltry sum of $250,000? How can Mr. Hoover keep a straight face, in view of the confiscation of these patents, when he lectures Germans on the "wholly unrighteous action of a government combined with industry for purposes of gain?" And how can the Secretary of Commerce talk of "a national obligation to secure a free flow of raw materials" in view of our historical tariff policy? If Mr. Summers means to imply that since extortionary economic processes are common and are frequently encouraged by our own government, nothing should be done about any of them, we do not agree with him. But there is something absurd about Mr. Hoover's excitement over the mote and complacent unconsciousness of the beam.

WITH a year of unparalleled production behind them and a sumptuous show on in New York, automobile manufacturers seem to have lost much of their fear—if they ever seriously entertained any—about the saturation of the market. At the same time we note that automobile registration has now reached about 20,000,000, which is within the lower limits of the predicted saturation point. To be sure, only about 17,000,000 of these are private passenger cars, and there is in addition an expanding market for buses and taxicabs, which may for a

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time take up the slack. But with a little thought anyone can see that we cannot expect continually mounting registrations at anything like the recent rate. There must be a limit somewhere. We cannot have one car for every one of the 107,000,000 men, women and children in America. Nor can we have 50,000,000 cars—one for every two of them. The number of families in which both man and wife would have a car is severely limited, so that the maximum could not be much more than half the adults outside of institutions—even if cars were sold in five-and-ten-cent stores. Taking all this into consideration, and remembering the estimate of an engineer that not more than 6 percent of the retail price of a car on the average is labor cost, while 40 percent or more is sales expense, we would be willing to bet that a good car can be bought cheaper next year than this, and that within five years prices will have fallen incredibly.

THE anthracite operators would learn much about the conduct of industrial relations if they would examine the new bill for adjustment of disputes agreed upon by the railway unions and executives, and the experience which led up to it. In this issue we deal with the subject at greater length in an editorial. For some time after the passage of the Transportation Act the railway executives tried to avoid genuine bargaining with the unions and passed up the responsibility to an arbitration board, but the process resulted so unfairly that endless trouble was caused, and the executives have now been forced to return to a genuine attempt to settle disputes by dealings with their organized employes. No one would argue that strikes on railroads are any less serious for the public than strikes in anthracite coal mines, yet the possibility of the railway strike has been left open and arbitration is to be invoked only in specific instances when both sides consent to it. The truth is that no machinery for the settlement of disputes will work well unless employers and employes accept the responsibility for settling their difficulties themselves, rather than depending exclusively on the adjudication of badly informed and possibly prejudiced outsiders. Impartial adjusters can perform a great service in industrial relations, but only when they act as the joint agents of the parties themselves, in the effort to create a mutual understanding.

CITIZENS of these United States are in the habit of pointing the finger of scorn at other communities such as Italy and Russia where civil liberties are today at a minimum. We invite the attention of these citizens—with whose general point of view we are heartily in sympathy—to the plight of one Antonio Paguia of Manila. Mr. Paguia has just been sentenced to two months in jail for the crime of speaking disrespectfully about Gen. Leonard Wood. He described General Wood, it is reported, as oppressor, autocrat and despoiler of liberty. He also used a phrase which is not without its merits, when he referred to the illustrious Governor as "a big tree without a shadow." If Mr. Paguia is guilty of no other crime than the one attributed to him in the news despatches, he has no business to be in jail. Lèse majesté is no crime by American standards.

WHEN the New York Federal Reserve Bank raised its rediscount rate last week to 4 percent, it furnished a warning to speculators on the stock market that credit is limited. During 1925 loans on stock exchange collateral by member banks increased more than a billion dollars, and while this has not provided a sufficient strain on our credit resources seriously to limit loans for legitimate production and trade, it did constitute a tendency which had to be curbed. Four out-of-town Reserve Banks had previously raised their rates from 3½ to 4, and the New York rate would probably have gone up before had it not been for the desire of the Bank to aid the British in maintaining the gold standard. As long as interest rates in London are higher than in New York the flow of gold from London to New York is checked. Furthermore, an international gold standard requires, for the safeguarding of Britain's foreign trade, that her price level shall not be substantially higher than ours. A low interest rate in America furnishes a tendency to higher American prices, while a high interest rate in London tends to reduce British prices. We could not wisely have continued to encourage inflation in this country much longer for the sake of British financial policy. But the danger of our increased rate to England is now reduced by the fact that open-market interest rates have recently risen in London. And while our wholesale price level has increased several points during the past year, British prices have fallen about 6⅛ percent, so that the two index numbers are almost even.

WE hope there is truth in the rumor that the Republican majority in the New York legislature will this time allow the 48-hour law for women workers to pass. At present only one industrial state in the Northeast—Massachusetts—has such a law, and this statute is constantly in danger from the attacks of manufacturers who complain of the competition of states with longer hours. It is peculiarly difficult to secure the passage of similar laws in other New England states both because the dominance of the reactionary Republican machine in the legislatures is unassailable on account of the disproportionate representation of country districts, and because the principal industry affected, cotton textiles, has for several years been suffering from various degrees of depression on account of causes quite unrelated to restrictive labor legislation. In New York, however, there have been no signs of declining industry such as New England has been suffering, and if a 48-hour law could be passed there it could be shown almost certainly that such a limitation is not inimical to prosperity and expansion.

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The Case of Andrew Mellon

THE Senate Committee, headed by Senator Walsh, is opening up a serious, if not a dangerous, breach in the defences of the administration. A corporation in which the Mellon family is largely interested is accused with some show of reason of conducting its business in defiance of the anti-trust law. A former Attorney-General of the United States, appointed by President Coolidge, believed it to be his duty to prosecute the corporation. But a majority of the Federal Trade Commission, also appointed by Mr. Coolidge, refused to permit the Department of Justice to examine the evidence now in its possession. Attorney-General Stone, who allowed the weak spot to obtain disagreeable publicity, was removed to a higher sphere of public activity. In the meantime the Department of Justice has, to say the least, not acted with very much vigor either in pushing the suit or seeking to obtain the information possessed by the Trade Commission. Mr. Coolidge strained his powers in the attempt to appoint as successor to Mr. Stone a lawyer who was associated intimately with the management of a similarly tainted corporation and who would presumably have treated violation of the anti-trust law with toleration. The present Attorney-General professes an utter ignorance of the affair and a lofty indifference to it.

Thus it looks as if many different federal officials, all appointed by Mr. Coolidge, had entered into a conspiracy to avoid the prosecution for an alleged violation of the law of a corporation in which his Secretary of the Treasury was heavily interested. Mr. Mellon, it is true, resigned as director of the Aluminum Company of America when he accepted President Harding's invitation to manage the Treasury Department, but he does not pretend to have disposed of his interest in the company. He and his brother have always controlled the policy of the company and still control it. Some of the acts on which the prosecution would be based were presumably committed during the years when he was a director. Since he has occupied the office of Secretary of the Treasury, the Aluminum Company of America has benefited in two and perhaps three respects from the action of the government. It has obtained additional tariff protection which enabled it to raise the prices of its product. It has enjoyed an amount of consideration from the investigating and prosecuting officials of the government, which, without a friend at court, it would presumably not have enjoyed. And it has received, so it is alleged, very tender treatment from the Bureau of Internal Revenue. This, it must be admitted, is a drastic indictment which, if no satisfactory answer is forthcoming, seems sufficient to justify a demand for Mr. Mellon's resignation.

As yet the indictment is not proved. There are gaps in the evidence, and the Federal Trade Commission may have had an honest, if not a sound, reason for refusing to divulge information which, erroneously or not, was obtained under a promise of secrecy. It is highly desirable for Congress to investigate the truth of these charges, but it would be a mistake to treat the business as if it merely involved possibly culpable breaches of trust by public officials. Mr. Mellon is a sensitive, proud, shy, reticent and fastidious man, who is incapable of deliberately using his powers as Secretary of the Treasury to put money in his pocket which would not otherwise have accrued. His disqualification for the office of Secretary of the Treasury is not in our opinion the result of any proved inability on his part to administer that office efficiently and honestly. His efficiency has been exaggerated by his admirers, but in this connection there is no need to challenge it. His integrity from his own point of view we do not for a moment doubt. But we believe, nevertheless, not only that he should resign but that he should never have been appointed. The grounds for the present assault upon him provide a beautiful demonstration of the reason for his initial unavailability.

The reason is simple and obvious. Mr. Mellon is too preposterously rich to occupy with public credit the position of Secretary of the Treasury. He is worth, let us say, $100,000,000 or over. A fortune of that size raises its owner out of the class of private citizens and stamps him willy-nilly as a human public utility. The concentration of so much money in the hands of one man almost always involves the exploitation of certain opportunities which many of Mr. Mellon's fellow-citizens take to be unjustifiable privileges. The Aluminum Company of America, for instance, has benefited both from the tariff and from monopolistic control of its business to an extent which presumably implies connivance or favoritism on the part of the government. The extension of these privileges may be economically defensible, but no matter whether it is or is not, a beneficiary of them should certainly not occupy a public office whose incumbent as a part of his regular duties exercises a huge influence on the legislative and administrative policy of the government with respect to such matters. If he does occupy such an office, he is certain sooner or later to be accused of privately benefiting from his public position; and no matter how scrupulously he may try to avoid any action which is doubtful, his vulnerable economic eminence exposes him to not unreasonable suspicions.

It is one significant aspect of Mr. Mellon's case that he was appointed to his present job not in spite of his great wealth but because of it. President Harding, so the story ran at the time, deliberately selected as his Secretary of the Treasury one of the wealthiest men in the United States for the reason that the owner of $100,000,000 would never be suspected of personal graft. If this story is true, it merely proves the simplicity of the late Mr. Harding's mind. He was incapable of distinguishing

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between dishonesty and disinterestedness. No doubt the owner of $100,000,000 has no sufficient motive for any obvious or vulgar betrayal of public confidence, but a crook is not the only undesirable type of public official. No less undesirable are men who for some overpowering reason are not free to consider essential public questions on their merits. A man with a fortune of $100,000,000 is in that situation. He is the economic analogue in an industrial democracy of a duke who is bound to believe that the preservation and the vigorous exercise of his own privileges are necessary to the welfare of the state. He does not own his fortune. His fortune owns him. It colors his sympathies, instigates his antipathies, imprisons his thinking and dominates his imagination. He uses his influence as a public official to aggrandize not so much his personal fortune as the number of similar fortunes and their power. Whenever in the exercise of the discretionary power vested in the Secretary of the Treasury he has to pass upon questions which involve the interests of wealthy men and big business, all his associations and convictions urge him to handle his millionaire colleagues with tenderness.

The New Republic doubts the social desirability of large fortunes, but even people who differ from this opinion would be wise to frown on the appointment or the election of a man like Mr. Mellon to a position of high political and administrative responsibility and in particular to the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Whenever public business is entrusted to a man with conspicuous and enormous private interests, the discussion of most questions of public policy, which his work involves, is confused by irrepressible and distracting personal considerations. His handicaps in dealing with certain economic or social questions on their merits is communicated to his opponents, who condemn all his proposals and decisions as the children of interest or prejudice. The millionaire official is sensitive because he is vulnerable and replies in kind. The discussion soon degenerates into a carnival of personal recrimination, both parties to which neglect the merits of the question of public policy in the effort to convict their opponents of bad faith and selfishness. This kind of controversy has long been the curse of American politics. It cheapens progressivism by provoking progressive politicians to act as detectives who are much keener to expose scandals than to bring a cool, disinterested and well informed intelligence to bear on public business. But it is the inevitable result of bestowing important public offices on men possessed of overpowering private interests which occupy an ambiguous relation to public policy. If the American plutocracy is wise it will select its statesmen from men like Mr. Coolidge who believe in great wealth but do not possess it, rather than from rich men like Mr. Mellon who cannot administer an office in favor of a plutocratic public policy without promoting or seeming to promote their own personal advantage.

"Paternalism"—or Slums?

THERE was a time when "the housing question" in America referred only to the matter of homes for the desperately poor, or for newly-arrived immigrants, whose bewildered ignorance was taken advantage of by unscrupulous landlords. People who could hardly afford to pay anything per capita were huddled together with deplorable overcrowding in houses which had formerly been occupied by well-to-do persons who for various reasons had moved out and on. In those days, the efforts of social reformers centred upon the attempt to secure for these unfortunates some sort of decent minimum standard of air space, light and sanitation. These efforts were never more than partially successful; but since only the submerged tenth was involved, it was felt that the case was more or less hopeless from the start.

Today, the housing question presents an entirely different aspect. There is, in the first place, a well-nigh worldwide shortage of homes due chiefly to factors rising out of the War. This shortage coincides with a great increase in costs and also, it is fair to add, with a rise in the standard of living of the general population, with increased demands, at any rate in the United States. As a result, we have come to a time when, in most of the larger cities of the country, building new houses for people with moderate incomes is no longer a profitable business enterprise for the private investor, compared with the returns he can secure by putting his money into other types of building construction, or by investments entirely outside this field.

Conditions in New York City offer a vivid illustration of the difficulties which exist at present practically throughout the United States. As our readers will remember, New York after the War went through an acute period when the demand for housing far outran the supply. Tenants who were evicted for any reason from their homes were forced to "camp out" in public buildings. Rents soared to fantastic heights, until it was necessary for the state to pass legislation forbidding increases beyond a "reasonable" rental (except in the case of new tenants). In order to stimulate building, a law was passed providing a ten-year exemption from taxation for new residential building, up to a cost of $5,000 a room. Since this law was passed there has been, it is true, a vast quantity of building in New York; though just how much of this was due to the law is a matter of dispute. Yet, despite all this building, the problem of housing remains unsolved, not only for the poor, but for most of the middle-class—to be specific, for at least two-thirds of the population. For one thing, a great part of the hundreds of millions of dollars spent has gone into non-residential types — office buildings, factories, theatres. The possible return on business building is so much greater than on homes that, under unrestricted private enterprise it is the type

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which is always taken care of fi[nan]cially. Moreover, such building of houses and apartm[ents] has been done has nearly all been of a char[acter] not for much more than the average fam[ily].

About 69 percent of the p[eople] in New York have *family* incomes of $2,500 o[r] less. Housing experts are all agreed that such a family c[an] afford to pay more than, roughly, $12 a month [for] (in a city like New York ownership of a h[ome] for people of this class even more difficult, [is] tually out of the question). A recent carefu[l] vey, however, shows that for the average man [the] problem has by no means been solved. On Manhattan Island 95 percent of the new construction has been for rentals of $19.50 a month a room or more. Conditions are not much better in the other boroughs, excepting Queens. There a considerable amount of building has been done to rent at $14.50 a month a room or somewhat less; but nearly all of this is of a highly unsatisfactory character, flimsy in construction, undesirable in design. There is now a surplus of expensive housing in New York, and rents have sagged slightly on apartments of that class; but the shortage of desirable homes for persons of moderate income is about as severe as ever and shows no signs of abatement. The result of this shortage has been overcrowding and the continuing occupancy of many thousands of apartments and houses which were condemned by the authorities twenty-five years ago as unfit for human habitation. What this means to its victims in terms of endangered health, impairment of morals both of adults and children, and unhappiness, we do not need to recite.

In the almost unbroken record of failure on the part of private enterprise in the past few years there is one bright spot. A few large-scale building operations have been carried through successfully which provide admirable houses at prices ranging around $9 or $10 a month a room, either for rental or for sale on the installment plan with a modest initial payment. These operations are in no sense charity. All of them return at least 6 percent on the investment. The reasons why they are able to do what private investment of the ordinary sort has totally failed to do are three:

1. They are large-scale operations, producing hundreds of apartments or houses simultaneously, with all the advantages which work on such a basis inevitably brings.

2. They employ the services of a few far-sighted architects and experts in real estate management, men who have devoted years to the study of minimum standards of light, air and comfort.

3. Finally, the organizations behind these enterprises are willing to take a reasonable rate, approximately 6 percent, on their investment, for the sake of the satisfaction which comes from knowing that they are contributing, as no one else is doing, to the solution of a pressing social problem of the gravest possible importance. The ordinary investor in housing cares nothing about the social aspects, is out for "all that the traffic can bear," and demands that he get not less than 10 or 12 percent.

Needless to say, however, this matter cannot be left to a few public-spirited individuals and corporations. Admirable as their efforts are, they are totally inadequate to the crying need. For this reason Governor Alfred E. Smith, in his message to the Legislature last week, strongly recommended state assistance to housing enterprises of the character described. He suggests the creation of a State Housing Bank, the funds of which would be utilized in the erection of homes by private enterprise under carefully restricted conditions. These latter would, of course, include satisfactory architectural plans, involving adequate air, light, and sanitation. They would also include limitations on the rate of profit to be earned on such investments, which would protect the tenant against the sort of gouging of which he is now the victim.

Governor Smith's alternative suggestion is for the creation of limited dividend corporations, clothed with the power of condemnation. Such authority is of course essential. A reasonable land cost is as important as a reasonable rate of interest on the borrowed money; and in the assembling of the numerous parcels necessary for large-scale operation, profiteering by part or all of the landowners is, as things stand now, almost inevitable. The Governor has also suggested, as an alternative method of financing, that power should be given to the respective municipalities to issue tax-exempt bonds, the proceeds of which may be loaned to these limited dividend corporations.

Both these methods — the State Housing Bank and the issuance of municipal bonds — have their merits; and this is particularly true since in either case the result, so far as quality of housing and absence of profiteering are concerned, would be the same. That the Governor is right in his general analysis of the problem, and in the indicated direction for solution, no intelligent student can deny. His political opponents have been quick to come forward to denounce his proposals as "paternalistic." Paternalistic they may be; though only in a limited sense. Moreover, it is a type of paternalism which even in America we now apply in numerous fields. We recognize that such matters as transportation, fuel supply, and the essential municipal services are "touched with the public interest." But in relation to housing, the aspect of things which affects us more directly than almost any other, we have in the past insisted on a laissez faire policy, no matter how disastrous its results. The time has passed in which to be afraid of a word. If we must choose between "paternalism" and a continuance of a situation where two-thirds of the population of the nation's metropolis are required to live virtually under slum conditions, we think every sensible man must agree as to which is the lesser of the evils.

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Railroad Peace with Justice

AGREEMENT between railroad executives and unions on a new machinery for the settlement of disputes means that Congress will almost certainly scrap the long moribund Railway Labor Board and substitute the provisions desired. That the new machinery will be better than the old is important, but that it has been achieved through the device and consent of the parties themselves rather than imposed from above by an august edict of a vague "public" is really significant. Even a poor plan of adjustment can work if there is a will to work it, but a good plan can confuse and obstruct when the will is lacking. Real progress in industrial relations is made only when the participants in industry can and do accept responsibility for its proper conduct.

The new machinery cannot well be explained without a look at the old. That outlined in the Transportation Act was not so badly devised and might have worked well had it not veiled a fundamental conflict between the parties. There had been under federal control a series of joint Boards of Adjustment—by systems, by regions, and nationally—which provided conferences for the settlement of disputes. The Transportation Act made continuance of these Boards permissive in the evident intention that they would be continued and used. But for adjudication of disputes which they could not settle it capped them with a Labor Board to which submission of unadjusted questions was compulsory, and in which the deciding voice was held by three "representatives of the public." The decisions of this Board, however, were not supposed to be enforcible, except through the power of "public opinion."

As it happened, the law was passed at a time when a powerful minority of railroad executives—in control of the national labor policy—hoped before long to reduce wages, drastically to alter working rules, and even to destroy the power of some of the weaker railroad unions. At the same time the unions, of course, were bending every effort to retain their recently gained status.

The executives refused to establish the national "boards of adjustment." They used the local boards only for pro-forma recording of disagreements, not for genuine negotiation. Every dispute—which meant every point on which the unions resisted the executives' nationally predetermined objectives—was passed up to the Labor Board. The Board thus became not the last resort of a true bargaining system, but a police court for deciding every slightest disagreement. This court, moreover, in the nature of things was more to be feared by one side than the other. The executives counted on using the prestige of the Board to enforce their own will when the decisions were favorable, and on evading the decisions with impunity when they were unfavorable. This strategy could not be employed with equal success by the unions, because in order to deprive the Board's decision of its effect the executives merely had to issue an order, while the unions had to strike and win the strike. In addition, the executives profited from the fact that the congestion of the Board's docket produced long delays, and during the delays the power of initiative remained with them. And before long the Board was so rigged politically that a majority of the "public" members could be counted on by the executives in many matters. Under cover of the system the executives thus waged a campaign of attrition against the unions which once threatened to lead to open warfare by the powerful Brotherhoods and did flare into revolt in the shopmen's strike of 1922.

This strike furnished dramatic proof of the inadequacy and unfairness of the Board under the circumstances. Previous to the strike there had been many violations and evasions of its decisions on the part of managements, which no effective "public opinion" had condemned. When the shopmen, however, wished to negate a decision, they had to attempt to interrupt transportation to do so, with the result that they were roundly denounced by the Board, by public officials and the press, and were opposed by a drastic federal injunction. The shopmen did not win the concessions for which they struck and lost heavily in membership, but they did succeed in separating those executives who believed in negotiations with them from the "hard boiled," and restored genuine bargaining with individual roads. Those executives who had the will to deal with them were won to the policy of settlement with as little reference as possible to the Labor Board.

This strike completely destroyed the prestige of the Board even with the more powerful unions. The one object of their strategy since has been to minimize the Board and restore true collective bargaining. In 1924 the locomotive engineers and firemen demonstrated that they could do so. Demands for wage increases were refused by the Western Conference of Executives, and the Labor Board thereupon assumed jurisdiction of the dispute. The executives appeared at the hearings and presented their case, but the Brotherhood officials disobeyed a subpœna to appear. The Board handed down a decision unsatisfactory to the men, who refused to accept it. The Brotherhoods then entered into separate negotiations with the Southern Pacific, and upon denial of their demands took a strike vote on the system, which forced a settlement. The Western Conference of Executives appealed to the Board to void this settlement and enforce its own decision, but the Board had no power to do so and denied the appeal. The Brotherhoods proceeded to win their point on one system after another by similar tactics until all the roads in the Western Conference surrendered. In the meantime the Supreme Court had finally ruled that the Brotherhood officials were not obliged to obey the Board's

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subpœna. Thus was established the fundamental importance of economic power and consent in labor adjustments.

The incident greatly weakened the prestige of the Board with the executives themselves. They were doubtless influenced also by the strong efforts of the railway unions to set up a new machinery through the Barkley-Howell bill, and by the political revolt subsequent to the failure of this bill, which formed the active nucleus of the LaFollette campaign. Economically and politically, the unions had caused enough trouble so that the executives came around to the necessity of genuine dealings with them. What has made it easier for the agreement to flower at present is that the price level is comparatively stable, there is obviously no hope of further "deflating" labor, and the railroads have enjoyed substantial improvement of their position.

The new bill specifies that all disputes shall first be considered in conference between the parties directly interested. It provides that adjustment boards shall be established by the parties, to decide grievances or disputes over the application of existing agreements on wages, hours or conditions, but not to consider changes in those agreements. These boards are similar to the Impartial Chairmanship arrangements in the clothing trades, and may provide an important influence in keeping the peace. Basic changes would be discussed in the traditional way, by conference between unions and managements.

To deal with disputes of any sort not decided in conference or by adjustment a Board of Mediation is created, which can intervene at the request of either party or on its own motion. It has no arbitral powers but merely strives to bring about adjustment, and failing that, to induce the parties to arbitrate. This is a revival of part of the machinery existing before the War.

The arbitration provision is the exact converse of the Labor Board plan. The parties need not submit to arbitration unless they wish to do so in a given case, and they have the right to limit the questions to be submitted to the arbitral board. But, having consented to arbitrate, they are bound to obey the Board's decision, which is to be filed in the appropriate U. S. District Court and will become a judgment of the Court. Thus arbitration will rest on the consent of both parties. Uncertain as its result is, it will not be invoked until the utmost efforts to reach a satisfactory agreement have been exhausted, and it will not be invoked by either party with the equivocal intention to obey the decision only if it should prove favorable.

If adjustment is not reached in any of these ways, and a dispute threatens "substantially to interrupt interstate commerce," the Board of Mediation must so report to the President, who is thereupon authorized in his discretion to appoint an investigating commission. No change, except by agreement, can be made in the conditions out of which the dispute arose until thirty days after such a commission has reported. This, while preserving the ultimate right to strike, provides a cooling-off period and brings to bear on a possible strike the force of an informed "public opinion." There will be no easier escape from this force for one side than for the other.

The plan has one possible flaw as compared with the Labor Board—since it throws the process of adjustment back on economic power and real negotiation, it does not seem to provide as full a safeguard for the weaker unions. But the ability of the Board to secure justice for the more weakly organized exists now only in the case of railroads which for any reason are favorably disposed to justice. Under the present law the weaker unions receive less consideration from the Board according to their lesser ability to cause trouble, and the roads can flout the Board with impunity, as the Pennsylvania has done again and again in the establishment and operation of its "employe representation" plan. A long legal battle by the unions has demonstrated the fact that there is no means of forcing their recognition except by the exercise of economic power. It is probably an advantage in the long run frankly to recognize the realities of the situation. And the new plan does offer a hope to those who protest against company unions in a clause which provides that the representatives for conferences "shall be designated by the respective parties in such manner as may be provided in their corporate organization or unincorporated association, or by other means of collective action, without interference, influence or coercion exercised by either party over the self-organization or designation of representatives by the other."

It is to be observed also that a plan of adjustment such as this gains validity because it is applied in a publicly controlled industry, in which accounts are standardized and profits made public, and in which rates are regulated. Publicity and consent for workers, management and consumers form the basis for something approaching real democracy in industry. It is up to the participants to build intelligently on this basis.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Gathering of Christian Youth

THE Interdenominational Conference at Evanston was the culmination of the movement on the part of young men and women in colleges to take the initiative in assessing the value of the Protestant Church in the life of the present day. The movement began three years ago at Indianapolis where at a gathering of Student Volunteers a determined group challenged the attitude of the Church in regard to war. The present gathering was more representative. The assembled students did not look like habitual conference goers, specialists in religion, a type as distinct as the athlete, the æsthete or the grind. There were many students of theology (a lay member complained that they made too many speeches) but on the whole the Conference was a fair cross section of American student life as it exists in nearly two hundred universities, colleges, normal schools and institutes, from Maine to California.

This was the first and abiding effect of the Conference, its witness to the recovery of religious interest on a large scale among college men and women. The most impressive moment to me was when the chairman called for prayers from the floor, when without hesitation or self-consciousness voice after voice was raised, no embarrassment being caused by the simultaneous starting of two petitions which winged their way together to the throne of grace. The wide diversity of types and opinions made intellectual control difficult. These students had not been drilled to act together according to accepted formulas. The proceedings were ably directed by Mr. Stanley High and several assistant chairmen. It was an admirable idea to have Doctor Fitch on the platform in his rôle of Greek chorus to guide and summarize the discussion, and the Conference accepted with humility his strictures upon its intellectual and practical competence. A findings committee worked at night, and I believe all night, to draw up conclusions. Altogether the machinery of the Conference was effective and always in good working order. The complete record will be available through the Methodist Book Concern, for all to read.

The title of the Conference gave the cue to much of the early discussion. This interdenominational conference condemned denominationalism at every turn, and among its final actions was a resolution to the effect that membership in the Church should be independent of belief. There was constantly evident among the delegates an aspiration toward Church unity; but perhaps unconsciously they uncovered a deeper schism than that represented by rival ecclesiastical organizations. Their discussions illustrated three attitudes toward the Church characteristic of modern Protestantism, the evangelical, the institutional, and the experimental. Probably most of the delegates if challenged would have assented to the first position, but it played no large part in their consideration. Once a burst of evangelical fervor called forth applause: "Jesus is a personal saviour; the Church makes men good by the power of the Son of God, and in this way only does it solve individual and social problems." But for the most part the attitude was that the Church is made by good men, that it is to be judged like other institutions by its capacity for promoting human welfare. When a theological student spoke of the extremely meagre attention given by Jesus to social or political matters he was promptly confronted by Walter Rauschenbush's Christianity and the Social Crisis. The most emphatic pronouncement of the theory of the Church as an instrument of social progress was made by Harold Ehrensperger, a student of the Garrett Biblical Institute, and one of those chiefly responsible for calling the Conference. "The Church will not be fulfilling its mission," he said, "until it has birth-control clinics and psychiatric service which will assist its people with their behavior problems and other maladjustments and thus make possible a healthier and happier race." . . . The morons, he conceded, probably need religion, but he thought that Protestantism has little to offer them except gradual extinction, pending which consummation a more ritualistic form of worship is better fitted to serve their needs.

The two views were, in effect, reconciled in the experimental theory of the Church put forward most vigorously by Howard McClusky, a teacher of religious education at the University of Michigan. He pointed out two reasons for the futility of the discussion by students of such problems as war, the press, the Negro, capital and labor; first, their knowledge is pitifully inadequate; and second, "No one has tried anything. No one has lived through situations involving these problems. The reason why we get no further is that no one has anything to contribute in terms of concrete, daily, personal experience. And we shall always go half way . . . until some one tries something different, until some one risks possessions, happiness, public esteem, until some one experiments with life on a Christian basis." He went on to advocate the project method of religious education, to urge that every young people's group should be headquarters for "a laboratory in living," and a place "for the exchange of experience and interpretation of the significant samples of life . . . for the gathering of new facts, the assembling of a new series of realities, and a promotion of case studies of applied Christianity." By the pragmatic test of experience the value of the Church both as a means of communion with God and as a means of union among men is to be established and demonstrated.

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The Conference had before it certain departments of experience to which this case method was particularly applicable. The leading ones were war, missions, race antagonism, and industrial relations. The first of these was easily the favorite topic of discussion. It was the one which came nearest to the lives of the young men and women gathered there. To all of them the World War was an immediate memory. Some of them had seen service and knew whereof they spoke. The delegates had before them the concrete program of the War Department to educate youth for war through the R. O. T. C., the complacency of educational authorities in the effort to make such military training compulsory, the organizations of older citizens to promote training camps, and the resolutions of women's societies denouncing as traitors the young men who refused to submit to the practice of preparedness. On this matter the warnings from the benignant moderator on the platform, "You don't know what you're talking about"; "You haven't thought the subject through" were unnecessary. Here the Church had been given a simple test of loyalty to the state or loyalty to Jesus, and it had been false to itself and its founder. On no theme did denunciation of the Church ring more indignantly and with greater conviction. The Church had made itself "a tool of the government for creating a warlike spirit." It had been "a recruiting station for war." It is hypocritical in that it resolves that war is a crime but does not excommunicate the criminals.

The managers of the Conference apparently regarded this topic, the one which touches youth most nearly and on which it has the best right to speak, as the most dangerous on the program. Mr. Thomas Q. Harrison, who was present to speak for the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, was first given a place on the program, then taken off, then on petition of delegates and after examination by the committee, allowed twenty minutes in which to speak on the proposition, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Nevertheless the Conference itself spoke out with no uncertain sound:

> 1. We believe the Church should excommunicate war, dissociate itself from the war system and refuse henceforth to allow the use of the Church as a medium of preparation for or prosecution of war.
>
> 2. Because we believe in positive education for peace and . . . the present military program of the War Department in high schools and colleges gives war an ultimate sanction, perpetuates the war system, delays disarmament, intimidates students and faculty and inhibits free discussion, we suggest:
>
> a. Abolition of military training in church and denominational schools.
>
> b. Abolition of military training in high schools.
>
> c. Abolition of military training in colleges and universities.
>
> 3. The local churches should guard and guarantee the right of the individual to follow the guidance of his own conscience when that conscience advises against participation in war.

These resolutions, amended by the addition of one favoring the participation of the United States in all agencies that look forward to world peace, were passed by a majority amounting almost to common consent. It was a distinct sign of the temper of the delegates, however, and their refusal to be stampeded, that in an expression of personal attitude 181 declared that they would not participate in any future war, 65 that they would not so pledge themselves, and 215 that they had not made up their minds.

A second topic which brought the Church to the test of squaring its practice with its theory was that of foreign missions. There were present a considerable number of delegates who had given careful study to this field as one to which they proposed to devote their lives. It was one therefore on which the Conference found guidance among its own members, and on which it was fully entitled to express its views. It listened to a long exposition of the triumphs of the faith in terms of property invested and numbers of missions and converts, at the conclusion of which a delegate challenged the measure of values employed. It called before it Mr. Wu of Union Theological Seminary who as representative of a people which has been the object of missionary attention for some generations made a few caustic comments. He pointed out that Christianity has been forced upon, or into, China, instead of being sought or invited by the Chinese, as in the case of Buddhism; that Christianity ignores the culture of the Orient and claims to be the only way of salvation; that the missionary tends to maintain an attitude of superiority, and is unwilling to grant autonomy to native organizations; that in view of the shortcomings of Christianity at home it is arguable whether it is in a condition to be exported; that in sum the day of missions is past and instead a system of mutual exchange of teachers should be devised. This criticism was fully endorsed by the Conference. It was suggested from the floor that the very term missionary has ceased to exemplify the spirit of Jesus and should be discarded. The committee of the Conference in its report listed a series of thirteen criticisms of recognized force, such as the contradiction involved in sending missionaries to countries whose nationals the United States discriminates against and treats as inferiors; and the inconsistence of maintaining missionaries by armed forces and unequal treaties, according to which they enjoy rights and privileges not possessed by the people to whom they are sent. The suggested reinterpretation of the missionary program emphasized the unique possession of the Church in the character of Jesus, but insisted upon the necessity of "spiritual coöperation," toward "the establishment of world fellowship, world

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peace, and a new social order." It also recognized the value of the development of Christianity "through its fresh interpretation at the hands of a new people." Again in this program the final test is that of experience. The missionary "should go not to teach a system, but to share his Christian experience through personal contact" and to "help the people work out their own expression of Christianity."

Another subject on which the voice of the Conference was nearly unanimous was that of race relations. All forms of discrimination, whether against Asiatics by the anti-Christian legislation of the Immigration act or against Negroes and other races in this country, were unsparingly condemned. Here Mr. McClusky's plan for a "project Christianity" found its most realistic illustration in the suggested activity of white students in securing the removal of social barriers against their Negro fellows, on the campus and in college towns.

The fourth leading topic before the Conference, the application of Christianity to the industrial problem, was necessarily treated with less clearness and concreteness. The lack of first-hand experience on the part of the delegates was marked. They listened to expositions of the work of community churches, especially Grace Church in Denver, and Rev. Roy E. Burt's experiment in Rock Springs, Wyo., where seventeen nationalities are represented in a church which coöperates with labor unions, maintains a labor college, and stands for the rights of humanity above those of property. The Conference also heard Stanley Dawley of Ohio State University who frankly admitted that he had left the Church because it was an instrument of capitalism, and had found in Communism the only religion for the workers. The questions which followed his address showed that the delegates were impressed by his argument, but not convinced. This discussion of the industrial question was the least satisfactory part of the proceedings.

On the last day of the Conference Doctor Fitch gave his impression of the gathering which, as reported in the Chicago papers was as follows: "You are lovable but irresponsible and superficial, and despite all your radical statements inherently conservative. Your minds are undisciplined and dissipated. You have impressions of ideas, but not ideas. A little less intellectual conscience and a little more moral conscience wouldn't hurt."

As I read over what I have written, which I think presents a fair picture of the Conference, I do not find myself in entire agreement with Doctor Fitch's statement though I admit its salutary purpose. Undoubtedly the delegates were conservative. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr had said a day or two earlier: "This audience gives me an impression of wholesome virtue rather than of rebellious heroism." Undoubtedly the unsparing criticism of the Church sounded at times amusingly youthful. One was reminded of the safe and enjoyable exercise of French radicals who when in doubt "eat the pope." But on the whole the ability of several hundred young men and women, strangers to each other, drawn from all parts of the country, to function unhesitatingly as a deliberative assembly was striking.

It is true they did not know what the Church is. A century ago a similar gathering of youth at Oxford with Newman or Doctor Arnold in the place of Doctor Fitch would have given its whole time to finding out, and to discovering the true notes of catholicity and divine authority. These American students took the Church pretty much for granted as they found it, and if most of them would have assented to some theory of its divine origin they concentrated their attention on its value in organizing society and in establishing patterns of behavior for the individual. As to intellectual conscience, I do not think the Conference in its findings misrepresented itself on any important point. It is true, between theory and practice there is a great gulf fixed. As Mr. McClusky pointed out, patient and continuous exercise is necessary to form habits. "From interrupted, irregular, desultory, listless training we cannot expect to develop a series of virile intelligent Christian attitudes." Here is where the "moral conscience" must come into play. That hundreds of students, however, should give themselves for three nine-hour days in vacation to the discipline of such a conference as this is in itself no mean beginning.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Small Town Press Sells Out

THE American press as the outstanding agency involved in shaping the political and economic ideas of the body politic has been subjected to rather careful scrutiny during recent years. While many phases of its operation yet await scientific investigation, a multitude of facts have been disclosed which serve to arouse, even among the less sophisticated, a growing suspicion that American journalism is not always the chaste, self-sacrificing, and devoted public servant which it has professed to be. It has not required the flamboyant indictment of Upton Sinclair to convince a great many otherwise staunch hundred-percenters, that our press cannot be relied upon to give impartial and uncolored views of vital issues. The more critical observers have long been aware that big business controls pretty effectively, and in its own behalf, the daily press, the periodical press, and news syndicates.

To the rural press such observers have for the most part given slight heed. It has been held by many that the rapid industrialization and urbanization of America, together with the rise of the great dailies and the million-a-week periodicals has re-

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duced the rural press to a minor and insignificant rôle. There can be no gainsaying the claim that these changes have emasculated the country and small town newspapers, and have deprived them of most of that pioneer vigor and independent "horse sense" which many of them once possessed. Yet it does not by any means follow that the rural press has lapsed into utter insignificance. Its influence today is still potent and far-reaching and it should be carefully considered as one of the important instruments which shape current attitudes and opinions. Let us briefly observe how this press operates in the small rural and town communities of the Middle West.

I

Practically every second and third class town in this area having a population over five hundred has a small weekly newspaper. The editor is almost invariably a local citizen making the town his permanent home and sharing its ideas, beliefs, and prejudices. His paper is read by nearly every native, local family in the town and in its surrounding rural community area. Some do not subscribe to the paper, but there are few families who do not read it, for it generally is passed on to relatives and neighbors among whom it is the custom to exchange reading matter. Contrary to the prevailing assumption, there are a great many families, especially in the outlying rural districts, who do not take a daily paper; there are numerous counties where not one family in five subscribes to a metropolitan daily. Hence there are many families which devour the local paper with avidity, along with, perhaps, a religious denominational weekly, a woman's magazine, and one of Wallace's or Capper's farm journals.

Originally it was the chief function of these country newspapers simply to supply local and personal news items centring around the events and people of the community area, to give local market quotations, and to carry a few simple advertisements of local merchants. The editor had no interests to serve save those immediately centred in the neighborhood; he had no opinions other than those generally accepted by his fellow-townsmen; he was as independent and outspoken in voicing his opinions as his limited vocabulary permitted. He collected most of the news himself, solicited what few ads he could get along "Main Street," ran off each edition himself, aided perhaps by his son, wife, or a tramp printer, and personally placed it in the hands of the local postmaster.

Here if anywhere one could look to find untrammeled journalism. The country editor was prone to editorialize freely, not as a rule in a specified editorial column, but in any news article as it suited his fancy. Perhaps the paper was raw, narrow, and provincial, and did violence to all the rules of syntax, but in this it only reflected the community from which it spontaneously sprang. The outside or "foreign" advertiser was as yet unknown. During the heat of close campaigns, candidates might pay for small notices or advertisements, but the paper itself was no more and no less partisan than "ye editor," who would as a general rule reflect the dominant attitudes and opinions of the community.

II

A comparison of the country weekly of today with those of some twenty years back will reveal several striking changes. The first is the appearance of an increasing amount of advertising by large corporations, many of which have no direct interest centring in the community. A second is the widespread use of "boilerplate" material, i. e., news matter, human interest stories, fashion articles, novels, cartoons, etc., served up en bloc by large syndicates and furnished to the editor weekly at a regular rate. A third change is the increase in economic and political partisanship and the swelling columns of thinly camouflaged propaganda supplied by various organized interests. Fourth, as a result of these and other changes, there is a pronounced shrinkage in those parts of the paper that once reflected the personality of the editor and lent whatever tone or character the sheet formerly may have possessed.

The "foreign" advertising is chiefly that of great nationwide monopoly corporations such as the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, or that of New Jersey, the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, the various railroads, electric power companies, and other public utilities. Even a cursory examination will convince one that this type of advertising is not primarily designed to sell more goods of these corporations in the community, but rather to develop "good will" not only toward the corporations themselves, but toward the economic and political system under which they operate.

For example, the advertisements of the railroads have spared no pains to emphasize the claims that government operation proved a colossal failure during the War, that there is no such thing as "watered stock," that they earn only the most modest returns on their capital, and that the present system of private ownership and management is the only system that can possibly be made to work. The ads of other corporations sing the same strain with variations to fit their own special interests.

Rising costs and the intrusion of the big dailies into their areas have forced most of the country newspapers to operate on a slender margin. These "foreign" ads are clear "velvet" and increase very considerably the earning power of the paper. Consequently the editors vie with each other to secure them. The conditions which must be met are simple enough: the paper must maintain a friendly attitude toward the corporations concerned, and must toss no monkey wrenches into the machinery

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of the existing order in the form of "radical" editorials or economic heresies. The more reactionary and stupid the general tone of the paper, the more likely it is to profit from this lucrative type of advertising.

III

The "boilerplate" material constitutes a strange admixture. Many of the ingredients are quite innocent, harmless and commonplace. There are numerous extracts from the bulletins of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the several experiment stations. Paris fashion hints are liberally included for leather-palmed peasant wives to read by smoky kerosene lamps. The Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson is solemnly expounded by the Rt. Rev. P. B. Fitzwater, D. D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, while close alongside Irvin S. Cobb engagingly shares with his rural constituency My Favorite Stories. The ubiquitous Mr. Arthur Brisbane is also at hand, flanked by testimonials to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Tanlac, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the latest cures for cancer. A serial novel by one of the lesser imitators of Harold Bell Wright and a few comic strips are sometimes added for the benefit of the more æsthetically inclined.

But on closer examination one discovers "boilerplate" features not so innocent. In almost every issue there is veiled propaganda dressed in such manner as to be especially appealing to the guileless farmers and villagers. Several hundred thousand dollars of the huge "educational fund" of the American Bankers' Association have found an outlet here. To assure the farmers of their benign intentions, the bankers' organization comes supplied with numerous articles from the hands of their "agriculture experts" on agricultural methods. A course of lessons in banking and investment practices is offered for the edification of Oklahoma, Kansas and Iowa farmers and small-town merchants by one J. H. Puelicher, Chairman, Public Education Commission, American Bankers' Association, whose august and prosperous countenance graces every lesson.

"What is a trust company?" asks Mr. Puelicher. "Humanly speaking, it is what its name implies, a place of trust." Below this lesson is the well worn caption, "Back to normal," under which we read: "The time is at hand for a thorough-going return to a free play of private enterprise and private initiative under unhampered competitive conditions. . . ." In recent issues large headlines have proclaimed "The Banker-Educator Plan to Better Agriculture." A Mr. D. H. Otis, Agriculture Director, American Bankers' Association, details the plan. "Whenever bankers desire to promote actively agriculture improvement in their communities, the state agriculture colleges stand ready to show them the way and give expert assistance. The purpose of this article is to illustrate the way the colleges are getting in contact with the banks, etc. . . ." *

The same writer brings to the farmer the cheering news that "great changes are occurring in the agriculture situation. Gloom and grouch are giving way to renewed hope. We all rejoice that this is happening. It is being brought about through the immutable and inexorable natural laws." The farmer's strong prejudice against taxes is readily appealed to in an accompanying article headed How Excessive Taxes Blight a Nation's Life and which lays most of the blame on high income and inheritance taxes. "If taxes are raised too high," a Treasury official is quoted as saying, "a country will surely destroy itself. It will use for daily consumption the seed corn upon which its daily life depends." Naturally the farmer finds this logic irresistible.

IV

Many another line of propaganda lies faintly concealed in the set-up columns of this syndicate material. One may read in the American Legion News Service about the great work of the Legion in bringing about Education Week, and how the U. S. Bureau of Education and other organizations coöperated in the annual program with its Constitution Day, Patriotism Day, Conservation and Thrift Day, and For God and Country Day. Or if his mind runs to more mundane concerns, he may read the latest technique in corn-planting by the Field Director, Agriculture Extension Department, International Harvester Company, or When to Ship Hogs, by the Sears-Roebuck Agriculture Foundation.

The political propaganda has at least the virtue of being more out-in-the-open in its methods. The politicians have found it necessary to bolster the machines in the agrarian counties, and have been faced with the problem of placating the rural discontent which has led the farmers in Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas to "kick over the traces." The local newspapers offer a promising means of restoring the good graces of the "cantankerous country yahoos." State machines consequently have bought freely of the space in these country weeklies, few of which refuse to be subsidized by one of the two major parties. The recent experience of the Non-Partisan League farmers of North Dakota, who found it necessary to publish their own papers, so completely were all others under the thumb of the state machine, is not without its significance. Even in communities where a majority of the people favor coöperative marketing, state-owned elevators, etc., the papers all too frequently publish only those articles favorable to business interests opposing such enterprises.

* All quotations are cited verbatim from various issues of country weeklies in Middle Western states.

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V

Apart from the features we have touched upon, the country newspapers remain drab, sterile, and inane. Only the periodic evangelical revival at the Methodist or Baptist Church, or the cattle buyer who hangs himself, or a round-up by the Klan, serves to stir them faintly from their lethargy. The majority are as barren, unimaginative and futile as the lives of their most backward readers at the far end of the rural mail routes. Aside from their motley titles, they are as like as the proverbial peas. Undoubtedly to their readers there is a real and brightening interest in the news of marriages, births, funerals, conversions, family reunions, school exercises, and holiday celebrations. But there is nothing in the recitation of this endless life cycle to lift the populace out of its narrowing confines. At one time the country editor, in his rôle of village raconteur, was wont to embellish these events with his homely philosophy, and to add zest and point to the telling. There was in such papers something of the quaintness and virility of folklore. To-day this quality seems almost irretrievably to be lost.

That there is still a function for the rural press, few students of rural problems will deny. There is great need for an indigenous agrarian leadership possessed of critical intelligence and a knowledge of relevant social, economic and political facts. With a few notable exceptions, rural journalists are not contributing such leadership. Where there is an editorial policy at all, it bears little relation to the vital problems confronting the rural population of the Middle West today. Meanwhile those organizations with "educational programs" to put across are succeeding, by furnishing the country editors boilerplate matter at nominal rates, in making the country press serve their own ends. Their success is amply demonstrated by the status of opinion in the Middle West on most political and economic issues. That opinion is characterized by gullibility, timorousness, suspiciousness, intolerance and an utterly distorted and confused notion of practically every important social problem of the day.

CARROLL D. CLARK.

Washington Notes

THE New York World has scored a great success with its campaign to investigate the treatment of the Aluminum Company of America by the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission. Within a week after the World's exposure began, the matter was front-page news, and important front-page news, for every newspaper in the country. They had to give space to it whether they wanted to or not; and if my guess is correct, a lot of them didn't want to in the least. At this writing, the Senate investigation is still in progress and no one can say what the outcome will be. But the World has already achieved what it set out to do. It has forced an investigation of the whole question through which the facts will be brought to light and we shall know whether Mr. Coolidge's Federal Trade Commission and Department of Justice have been at all derelict in handling the alleged violations of law by a company of which Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Treasury is in fact, though not technically, the guiding spirit. Also, the World has provided a lot of incidental but useful illumination as to just what Mr. Coolidge's Attorney-General knows about what is going on in his own department.

To me, one of the most interesting aspects of this interesting matter is the relationship to it of the journalistic representatives here in Washington—that "corps of correspondents" sometimes referred to in political circles as "the newspaper boys." All of them will now admit that the World has uncovered "one whale of a story." Yet that story was no secret. It had been kicking around Washington for months, and in fact for a year. The first question an innocent bystander like myself feels forced to ask is, why wasn't the story broken by some paper before? The World itself has something of an alibi. For one thing, it had printed several stories recording the routine developments, from time to time. For another, it was saving up the exposure for its regular January drive. But there are at least 500 daily newspapers in the United States, of which scores keep correspondents permanently stationed at Washington. Why had they overlooked such a good bet as this?

Well, in the first place, the Washington correspondent holds a position the entire psychology of which works against the likelihood that he will dig up disagreeable facts regarding any department or any official of the government. These officials are his sources of information. He sees them regularly, perhaps daily and certainly at frequent intervals. If he wrote nasty things about them, they would be chilly toward him in future conferences. They might fail to tip him off to those occasional special bits of inside information which help him to keep his office and his readers feeling that he always knows everything that is going on. Also, the personal element enters into it. The newspaper men meet the officials not only professionally but socially. And you need a particularly sour and cantankerous nature in order to talk to a man regularly week in and week out and break bread with him now and then, and still want to go away and write articles which will make him unhappy, perhaps even cost him his job.

Mind you, this development is unconscious on the part of most of the newspaper men. Nearly all of them take themselves and their obligations seriously, and if any of them felt that he was being derelict to his duty, he would undoubtedly seek to remedy the situation. But while these social influences are invisible, they are none the less powerful. They explain why a good many newspapers, when they want to dig up an unpleasant group of facts in Washington, find it advisable to send a special man from the home office to do the work—a man who has no friends in official circles and therefore no embarrassments about performing his duties.

The managing editor of a metropolitan daily remarked to me the other day, "The effective life of a Washington correspondent, unless he is a very extraordinary individual, is just about three years. By the end of that time he has

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got himself into such a maze of social relationships that when a good story comes his way, involving people he knows, the impulse to kill it is about as strong as the impulse to send it in."

But there is another question here, which is even more serious. The truth is that nearly the whole press of this country is united in a sort of tacit conspiracy of silence to protect the Coolidge administration. No President in our time has had such a "good press." Among the Republicans, the adulation of the President and his whole official family is so indiscriminating as to be sickening to anyone who is in a position to judge the real facts. The Democratic press, with a few exceptions, is following the same line. The publishers, some of whom of course are very wealthy men, have got it in their heads that if they stick to Coolidge they will get tax reduction which will benefit them and all the members of their class. You can name on the fingers of one hand the important newspapers of the country which are willing to tell the truth about what is going on in Washington. You could even do it without needing the thumb.

Aside from the Aluminum case the most interesting—at least to me—although a relatively unimportant thing that happened here in the past week was the unexpected wail of the Hon. David A. Reed of Pennsylvania (Mr. Reed's law firm in Pittsburgh are Mellon's Pittsburgh attorneys) over the dreadful way in which the great state of Pennsylvania is being ignored in the make-up of the various federal boards that exercise such vital executive functions here in Washington. Senator Reed accompanied his wail with a defiant declaration of his purpose to oppose the confirmation of two of Mr. Coolidge's appointments to the Interstate Commerce Commission—Woodlock and Taylor. It is not worth while to repeat here the speculations concerning the political significance of the Reed attitude and the possibilities for real trouble it opens up for Mr. Coolidge not only in this session but in 1928. The point that interested me most was, why did Dave Reed do it? In this connection I herewith set down the current Washington story for the truth of which I do not vouch except to say that it seems likely to me.

It is said that Mr. Reed had been for some time anxious to have his friend Mr. McLaughlin of Pennsylvania promoted to the Spanish post when Mr. Moore, also of Pennsylvania, should get out. He had talked with Mr. Coolidge at various times on this subject and felt that he was about to land the place. The last time he discussed the matter with him he seemed to make a particularly deep and favorable impression and left the White House with the conviction that he had succeeded. A few hours later he learned that the appointment of Mr. Hammond, recommended by Senator Edge of New Jersey, had been practically cinched about a week before his visit, which means that while he was urging his man for the place there was no place and he was not told so by the President.

Now put that to yourself. Wouldn't it nettle you more than a little? Some of the White House boys who have heard the story say it is not true, but if it is true, why "It's just Cal's way." Others who hear it, say, "Well, it's no way to treat a Pennsylvania Senator as powerful as Dave Reed if he expects to keep him in line."

There you are. I do not know whether it is true or not, but it is interesting. There was one other interesting thing about the Reed declaration of war on the two Interstate Commerce appointments and that was the typical conduct of the noble Pepper. Senator Pepper, caught between two fires, obliged to go along with Reed whose support is the backbone of his candidacy for renomination, and equally obligated to "uphold the hands of our splendid President," in a perfectly impartial manner, split himself fifty-fifty. He let it be known that he would support one of Mr. Coolidge's appointments—Woodlock—but would oppose the other—Taylor. What could be fairer than that?

T. R. B.

Washington.

Opéra Comique

THE second two bills of the Moscow opera company —Offenbach's La Périchole and Lecocq's Fille de Madame Angot—were by no means so successful as the Lysistrata. For one thing, being true operas, they require to be sung throughout; and the Russians have turned out to be less remarkable as singers than as actors. What is more fatal, however, is the fact that the Russian genius, so well suited to Aristophanes, proves too heavy and too harsh for light French comedies of this sort. What the Moscow Art Theatre has done to these operas is very curious. In the first place, they have rewritten them in such a way as to turn them into serious dramas—thus imposing upon the original material a load which it can hardly bear. In the French Madame Angot, it appears, Ange Pitou, when Clairette has thrown him over, consoles himself with Lange, the actress; in the Russian version, however, he detaches himself from both complications and passes on to higher things: "the dénouement," explains Mihail Galperin, the arranger of the new libretto, "is a symbolical apologia for poetry, free and unfettered by earthly laws." In La Périchole, again, an element of political drama has been introduced by transforming the young street-singer and her lover from Spaniards into native Peruvians, who are thus in a position to be oppressed by the Spanish army of occupation. The light impudence of La Périchole becomes emotional and revolutionary; and the new melodrama rings discordantly with original lines and situations which still suggest Gilbert and Sullivan. Having regenerated the librettos in this fashion, the Russians act them realistically: their only attempts at a comic convention are in the direction of Hogarthian caricature. Thus the comic Spanish dukes and viceroys of La Périchole are characterized by the actors with all the detailed make-up, the carefully sustained physical infirmities and the idiosyncratic mannerisms of decayed Tchekhovian aristocrats played by Stanislavsky.

In Carmen, however, the Russians have a subject which is really capable of benefiting by their peculiar treatment. One has always felt that Bizet's opera fell far short, in

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dramatic dignity, of Mérimée's story; and the Russians, in rewriting the libretto and rearranging the score, are only restoring to the theme the tragic intensity which belongs to it. The result, however, is not Mérimée any more than it is Meilhac and Halévy: it is something more sombre than either. The whole action is played, as in Lysistrata, against the background of a single set—a towering system of galleries, arches and walls which serves for both street scenes and interiors. Along the galleries appear a company of Spanish women who perform the function of a Greek chorus, commenting on the action of the tragedy as beings outside it and detached from it; while, on the rusty rufous walls behind them, the light varies, with the progress of the drama, from the baking red of the southern sun to the dull dark stains of dried blood. Below, the tragedy is concentrated in a succession of realistic scenes, which, disembarrassed of the trappings of opera, proceed straight to their catastrophe. Carmen has ceased to be a soubrette; Don José has become a heavy peasant; Micaela has entirely disappeared. And for the smart comic opera café of Act Two of the original version has been substituted a sordid den presided over by a shapeless old woman out of the caricatures of Goya.

The new Carmen and the Lysistrata must thus be reckoned as the real successes of the Russian opera company, and indeed of quite a different order of interest from any other of their productions which have so far been seen.

Two distinguished little comedies in music of a different and more recent vintage, have been among the minor events of the season: Ravel's L'Heure Espagnole, well acted and beautifully produced at the Metropolitan; and El Retablo de Maese Pedro by the Spanish composer Manuel de Falla, performed for the first time in America under the auspices of the League of Composers. Both operas are excellent examples of modern musical impressionism at its deftest and most charming: Ravel's music is ingenious and exquisite; de Falla's vivid and sometimes touching. If there were any criticism to be made of them, it would be only that for such brief productions they involve a great deal of machinery—L'Heure Espagnole with its clockmaker's shop, El Retablo with its double puppet-show—and that they do not quite carry us beyond a consciousness of their mechanical problems. We cannot help wondering whether the actors who play the Spanish lady's lovers have had time to get out of their clocks; and we are visited by apprehensions lest the various sets of puppets, the concealed singers who supply their voices and the orchestra, may not succeed in synchronizing on some crucial scene.

A new kind of opera has been inaugurated by Mr. Thomas Wilfred, the inventor of the Color Organ. At recent concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, he supplied an accompaniment in color to Rimsky-Korsakov's Scheherazade. It is a little hard to know what to think about the possibilities of the Color Organ. We are, at first, astonished and excited; then, after a time, we become fatigued. We begin to be struck by the superior significance and interest of the music. I suspect that the Color Organ should not be used to illustrate musical compositions, or at any rate compositions so long as Scheherazade, which compel it to protract its effects beyond their proper limits and sometimes even lead it to interrupt the rhythms of their movement by allowing them to remain static. One would like to see what a painter could do with the Color Organ—Miss Georgia O'Keeffe, for example, of whose paintings we are sometimes reminded by the solidity and the brilliance of certain floral and vegetable effects; as the striking black and silver seascape over which inverted bowls of darkness descend at the end of the first movement of Scheherazade, suggests the pictures of Mr. Dove.

EDMUND WILSON.

Texas Lights

MARRIED COUPLE

THEY are the average couple of married people anywhere in our country perhaps, but they have a Western tinge, Southwestern, a strong flavor of Texas. Their seat is across the aisle from me and facing in my direction. They are both young, and from the sight of them together and their luggage I should say they have been married two or three years.

I observe that I look at the man first, but that this is only for a second and that then I look at the woman who shares his existence. Her hair is bobbed, left full over the ears and brushed back from the forehead, waving and dark brown. Her profile is clear, but yielding, not distinguished, but not irregular; a soft chin, rather short and rounded; a round, tipped-up, rather childish nose; a brow that seems very fair and white and that is rounded also and low.

Her eyebrows have been plucked to a clean little bow, and they are retouched with black a trifle; there is some of the same pencilling around the fair, gray, roundish eyes. She is painted maidenishly, a fresh, soft flower tint over the perfect fairness of a white powder that her skin takes as satin would. It is this soft skin, rose and white, this open-eyedness and curls, that make her appear smaller than she is; she is taller than she seems; and her private self—at night when the cold cream has wiped the spring bloom off and the negligée is on—is a big fine girl. An artist fifty feet away from her would say that she had beauty; the average man would call her a beautiful young woman; and most Texas men a pretty girl all right. It is a vacant face full of strut.

For this lady likes herself well enough and is full of confidence. She feels pretty, pursued and successful. I have watched her already, when the train stopped at New Braunsfels, walking up and down the station platform like a proud, sure young hen. She has not a thought in her head, you can see that, and never heard of an idea; she rests on universal principles. And yet she is not coarse any more than she is subtle. She brings to my mind as I look at her the Panope of the Greeks, the nymph of the open view, of the horizon. Sleek, Milton calls her, sleek Panope with all her sisters played; but this Panope does not care very much for playing with her sisters. Her mental operations are clear and convincing. What she knows is what she wants, and she has it; so that her knowledge is quite complete in a way.

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The husband beside her has a provincial, manly look. His skin is a little dry and sunburnt; his thick straight hair is left full to the very edge where it stops at the base of his skull, and here it is shaved abruptly away, sliced through in fact, with the effect of a wig. His face is no more subtle than his wife's, but it is honest and good-natured and not dissatisfied with himself. His brown eyes are innocent, and sensible and kind and young, and will be young till they close forever, not because he is so very imaginative or poetic, but because they will never be darkened or dried up either by prolonged reflection or by sordid and scheming designs and interests. He is not so much an open book as he is no book at all, he is rather an open vista of human qualities. He is solid, enthusiastic, boyishly profane, simple and not stupid. You can see that he has a good deal of delicate feeling and gentleness. He would give himself to your troubles as a loving and understanding child might do. A woman from a distance, somewhere far from Texas, might take him romantically, partly because he is straight and handsome in figure and flattering in his regard, and partly also because what complexities he has are the complexities of the natural world, the psychology of the wild if you like, with all the romantic and mysterious possibilities implied. He looks independent not by theory, but by impulse, the most attractive kind of independence. His speech is drawling and slow, with every now and then a Middle Western final r. He calls his wife Doll, and she says Tom.

I sit thinking what the future of this couple will be.

He will go on admiring her and being proud of her and thinking his wife is a pretty lady. And this will give her confidence or rather keep her proud and a fine woman. He will fatten somewhat and get a little declamatory as his manliness retreats from his loins to his brain, from his physical powers to his opinion of himself. They will have a big house, draughty, modern and hospitable, without much furniture in it except beds and chairs and some casual prints under glass that have been put once on the walls and left there for good. They will have children who will drive the family automobile by the time they are ten years old and go to dances ten days after appendicitis operations. And there will be pleasant hours together on the porch and driving about and friendly human interests to share and talk over, with a little oil adventures, politics and gossip thrown in. He will not grow tired of her because she has what he wants in a woman, a certain effect of prettiness and affection; because she keeps him conscious of how splendid she is and how generally admired; and because she wastes his money. She will always be satisfied with his pride in her and with her feeling that he is a child on her bosom when all is said and done. If he ever grows absorbed in anything, after the familiar style of American husbands, it will be not business and organization, but horses, motors and hunting, and this will keep him more or less fresh in heart. If he affects anything—and she as a woman knows how affected men can be—it will be nothing feminine or precious, but a bit of the cowboy picturesque, the manly adornments of the prairie; and this is a brand of effects for men that even the movies approve of. And it will be satisfying to her inmost soul to have a man who is not small and picayunish like a woman and not always around the house.

The Miracle Chapel

Nearly two hundred years ago the monks brought over from Spain two images in wood for the new cathedral of San Fernando. You can see them now, no longer there but at the Miracle Chapel; they are of painted wood, grim and primitive, with their dark eyes and the haunted shadows around, their harsh hands, their bodies so grotesque, bitter and ecstatic.

The statues had not been long in place before it was found that they had miraculous powers; their benefits became famous, and people came from miles around in every direction, with afflictions, faith and prayers. The income brought to religion was considerable. In time there was a fire in San Fernando, however, and the images were by a mere hair's breadth rescued from the flames and preserved. They were taken to a little private chapel not far away and set up there; and soon the word spread that they had been saved, or doubtless had saved themselves, and where they were; and people began coming again to visit them, flocking from far and wide to the little chapel with offerings and supplications. The miracles kept up. To own the chapel meant something. The grateful heart so newly restored to health and hope made its contribution. The income began again. There appeared, too, countless testimonies of good received. The walls of this tiny place, scarcely ten feet square, are covered now with votive tablets, little pictures in gilt frames, locks of hair, silver hearts, rosaries, letters, cards, quaint, sweet reminders of what these blessed personages above the altar have done for you. Naturally therefore the chapel owners, when the cathedral was restored, were not anxious to return them. And there is a law in Texas that anything that has been in your possession more than two years is, if you did not steal it, legally yours. Well, then, señorito, what would you have?

But what can the good fathers at San Fernando do? They cannot say that the statues have not the power of miracles. That might be sacrilege; not to add also that then, even if San Fernando had them back, their merit would be gone. One thing the fathers could do, and have done perhaps, and that is to keep one or two members of the family in each generation most devout, knowing well that, if that be seen to, there will be a will in time, sooner or later as God wills, or a deathbed bequest, that will send the wonder-working statues home again to their old, right place in San Fernando. And meantime oil, that modern worker of miracles in Texas, begins to promise well. There are those who think that the advantages of the chapel spot for a gasoline filling station are very great.

Stark Young.

Syrian Prayer

If these be Christians and their works,
O Father, give us back the Turks—
Who need not always have a Christ
To be condemned and sacrificed!

Witter Bynner.

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Three Clowns

AMONG the great pleasures offered in the current light theatre is the work of three men, Jimmy Barton, Jimmy Savo and Harpo Marx. The first two are at present on the Keith circuit; the third is appearing with his three gifted brothers in The Cocoanuts, a musical show distinguished further by the book of George S. Kaufman which provides lines witty above the average and two or three hugely entertaining situations, and by the music of Irving Berlin. The three men differ in method, and technically none of them is a clown; but clowning, parody, burlesque, making fun, is their activity; each of them has a highly individual style, and each of them has exquisite moments.

Jimmy Barton is a dancer and a comic. His most famous stunts are: pivoting on one foot and drawing a deliberate exaggerated curve around it with his other; walking with terrific pace and swing without moving a step; skating around the stage, his hands clasped behind his back, every step in the swing of the professional skater, and every step at the same time on the beat of the music, in a dance. At present he appears first in a sketch entitled The Pest, a souse who intrudes on a tête-à-tête. His lines and his delivery are good; perhaps the best thing is the timing of his stages of drunkenness, for he passes from the wobbly state to the belligerent, to the friendly, to the crying jag with imperceptible gradations. When he is finished with that his dancing begins, the dancing which he learned in burlesque and which won him his first recognition at the time of the great Equity strike. He uses his dances like "gags" to lift his audience; in addition he does dance parodies which are perfect, among them being "my own conception" (he uses this ancient vaudeville elaboration and then kills it with "My own, mind you") of a lounge lizard. The pantomime of the somewhat bashful, all-too-tricky dancer on the ballroom floor is superbly done; the technique of the dance is interwoven with the technique of the parody by which the character is realized. Whatever Barton does gives pleasure, consistently; his high moments are not much higher than his average, but his average is already high enough.

The Marx Brothers, after years in vaudeville, have become the darlings of the local critics, but so far I have seen nothing in their praise which is excessive; they work well together, and their present show wrongs them a little in not giving them enough scope for their combined activities. The remarkable thing about the three Fratellini is that whichever one of them you may choose at a given moment as the best of the lot (and your choice is likely to vary from week to week) there is never any question that the three, together, constitute, as a French critic has said, one artist. The Marxes, at present, are four and although Groucho's style in the placing of his witty lines is probably unequalled for that sort of thing, there is little doubt that Harpo is the finest of the individual artists. He is silent, a rare artist in pantomime. At times he uses the "dead pan," the inexpressive face which is so effective in vaudeville when comedy is afoot; at times his face is sensitive to every shade of feeling, and not only his face, for his hands, his neck, his feet, all respond to his demands for expressiveness. He also has a famous scene; the one in which with a face of the blankest innocence he eludes capture as a thief and then begins to shower from sleeves and pocket linings and everywhere else about his person a collection of silverware, jewelry, fruit, in an apparently endless cascade, all of which he watches without the slightest indication of inner disturbance.

What impresses me most of all in Harpo Marx is his use of material as Chaplin uses it, without for an instant suggesting the wearisome imitation of Chaplin one usually sees. The reason Chaplin so mystifies and enchants us is that he seems to have a hundred different essences; on one occasion you think that it is his rhythm, on others his gift of characterization, his fantasy, his unreality. But there is one method of his which you can always identify, and it is closely associated with what T. S. Eliot called Chaplin's "egregious merit," his escape from reality. Give Chaplin a feather duster and by the way he sniffs at it he can create before you the illusion of a bouquet, give him two rolls and a couple of forks and he will set before you a dancing girl. That astonishing creative power is far removed from the parody and burlesque which he shares with other comics; and that power Harpo Marx has to a great degree. In The Cocoanuts he is seated at the end of a bench, swaying to music, absurdly swaying in the opposite direction from that of all the other people on the bench. Suddenly he takes his drum-major's stick and begins rowing and then paddling a canoe. The gesture has to be perfect to evoke the scene he has in mind; and it is completely successful. He is also capable of mingling pathos with his fun, of appearing simultaneously as a person wise beyond nature and a zany. At the piano he is pure burlesque, at the harp he is all grave and exquisite. He is hardly ever broad; long years of vaudeville have taught him to give just enough, and a consciousness of his own capacities, I suppose, has prevented him from ever giving too much. He is a brilliant example of vaudeville technique; his gait, gesture, movements, grimaces all have accuracy, slickness; and all are used for his remarkable gift of suggesting things dissociated from the actual materials in his hand. That all of this is put in the service of fun, sometimes outrageous and ridiculous, that there is no false artistic pretension, is all to the good.

If pressed, one might find similars to Barton and Harpo Marx; Savo is unique. I do not mean that he is better, because when entertainment of the fine type is in question, comparisons are fruitless. Savo was in vaudeville, in the small-time, I believe, and entered New York in a Shubert musical show. He appeared then with Lester Allen, a man with a fresh method of saying ridiculous things, who has since gone on alone. Savo has returned to his vaudeville act, a simple one consisting chiefly of the efforts of his lady companion to sing and his own, chiefly pantomimic, interruptions. Savo always appears tiny, and he uses the costume of a clown: vast, baggy trousers, huge shoes, a collar which on occasions rises over his chin. His extraordinary dancing is in great part "slow motion." He starts to move and then slowly settles further and further into his clothes, as if he were disintegrating before your eyes. He stands still and begins to sway, with intolerable slowness, until his whole body teeters at impossible angles, he is convex and concave, he has no rigidity, no

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backbone. Then, in one of his sudden bursts, he seems to fly three-quarters way across the stage, catches himself, abashed, as if realizing the awkwardness of what he has done. His face is one of the most pathetic objects in the world, supremely sensitive, confiding, eager. With great effort he speaks, a hoarse whisper. "Which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Charlie Chaplin?" he is asked. A pause, a little worried. "Chaplin." "Why?" Then, as if imparting secret information: "Shakespeare's dead!" and a frightened look as if he had said too much.

Savo is filled with grace. The awkward movement in the preposterous clothes becomes incredibly endearing; he is constantly presenting the figure of a luckless little man, rather like those H. G. Wells used to create, a Mr. Polly or a Mr. Preemby, trapped into an indiscretion, anxious to do anything to make it right. He sings eventually and without warning his penetrating voicelessness changes to a baritone and no one is more frightened, more delicately ashamed, than himself. He uses the ancient trick of offering a roll of banknotes and then withdrawing them; but instead of the usual invisible rubber cord, he has a great rope. No one is less pleased at the success of the trick than he is; he is a living apology. And while his gyrations and dances are at times breathlessly funny, he never falls out of his style; he has achieved a perfect balance of delicacy and expertness. He is the complete presentation of a human type, not by the repetition of detail, but by the welding of technical proficiency and a fantastic imagination.

GILBERT SELDES.

The Bandwagon

A PUFF IN THE NICK OF TIME

President Coolidge is the first national executive to depend upon motion pictures as his only recreation. He is devoted to films with the quiet intensity of his nature. . . . True, the President does not burst into any riotous applause, but then he never does; but it is to be noted that he almost lets his cigar go out in the intensity of his interest.

—Motion Picture Classic, January, 1926.

BIGGER AND BETTER JAILS.

"The real, vital, fundamental question is decency and law enforcement—whether we law-abiding American citizens intend to enforce the law or drop it. . . . In the last two years (in Philadelphia) we arrested 227,000 people—15 percent of the population."

—General Smedley Butler.

REAL ARGUMENT, NOW, FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL

World Cruise. . . . Empress of Scotland, 25,000 tons, leaving New York December 3. . . . Play golf in Japan, China, India, Egypt, Java, Ceylon.

—Advertisement, New York Times.

UNDER THE STRESS OF EMOTION

Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, gave his own homely philosophy of life, forged out of fifty years in the steel business, at the conference on education and industry at the University of Chicago today. . . . Mr. Schwab tossed away a great part of a very able address written for him, he said, by a New York publicity agent.

—Chicago dispatch to the New York World.

DON'T LET YOUR ORANGES GET TOO NEAR THE SQUEEZER

Indianapolis, Dec. 9. — Jewelers and shopkeepers who display pocket flasks and cocktail shakers in their store windows risk prosecution in Indiana for violation of the new Wright bone dry law.

—Associated Press.

NOW TAKE THE HIGH *E*, AND DON'T KICK ABOUT IT

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That . . . any person who knowingly and wilfully deposits for conveyance in the mail, or for delivery from any post office or letter carrier, any letter, paper, writing, print, missive or document containing any criticism or reflection upon the national anthem . . . shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned not less than five years and fined not less than $10,000.

—House bill 57, now pending in Congress.

Nostalgia

I know, now that the bottom
Grape tendrils snarl and clog,
It is the hour of autumn
And writhing fog.

Black meadow mist steams
In a silver vat
Something for the bird that screams
To be screaming at.

Weathered shingles, field stones
Drip with a dull thud;
Drop water in my bones,
Water in my blood.

I must get away from here;
Shanghai men with beards and eyes
Green, and steal a ship and steer
To some mad surmise.

I must get a ship and stand
Parallel with sun and sea:
Touch it with my either hand;
Smell it foolishly.

I must get away or go
Daft and yell a crazy yell;
It would be enough to know
Any ship's smell.

I must get away and get
Sea dazzle on my skin
Till the glitter and the sweat
Make my head spin.

Anywhere but here, with hull
Rank and rotting deck and death
Bubbling up in beautiful
Emphasis of breath!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Money and Mothers

SIR: In your issue of December 23, E. C. Lindeman had an interesting article entitled Integrating the Carol Kennicotts, dealing with the subject of how women may be enabled to have both a home with children in it, and a career.

It seems to me that before that problem can be solved we must first lay the foundation for solving it. We can do that by making our monetary unit represent nothing more nor less than one hour of adult human work. Organize mutual banks on which to issue our individual and group checks on that basis. And apportion all public expenses per capita of the adult population of the territory covered by the expenses.

With such a foundation we could then so change our occupational arrangement as to put many of the occupations back (on a new basis) on the home place. With both parents doing at least some of their income producing work at home, they could keep their children at home, also. *Each* parent could then be self-supporting. And *each* could contribute to the financial support of the children, and also take active part in the direct care of the children.

Such an arrangement would result in true family life; a real home.

No matter how many kinds of work we take out of the home, we must leave the children there, and get *both* parents into it, or it will not be the kind of a home which will satisfy the innermost cravings of the parents.

VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

Phoenix, Ariz.

The Needed First Step

SIR: You suggest the restoration of the Federal Employment Service to a war-time footing, in the New Republic of December 16, under the caption, Add President's Message. May it be said that the desirability of such a step, as things are, is open to grave doubts?

It is probable that the writer bases his belief on the experience of Germany and Great Britain, where national labor exchanges have partly organized and systematized the labor market. Conditions, social, industrial and geographical, are different in the United States and it is not safe to assume that a workable plan in one of those countries, would succeed in another with a different milieu. The difficulties involved in the imposition of a ready-made system, from the top, of Federal Employment Bureaus, are set out by Shelby Harrison, in his comprehensive study of Public Employment Offices, recently reviewed in your columns and whose conclusions in this respect are rather in opposition to those of the editorial writer.

The following quotation, however, is germane and offers a starting for a desirable system of federal employment agencies: "A systematic service is necessary in order that we may know the elementary facts about unemployment." If the F. E. S. could be made to function as a fact-finding agency, its value cannot be overestimated. We are in hopeless ignorance and confusion about the facts of employment, and appear incapable of learning the truth concerning it. Harrison points out that the right procedure is to develop municipal employment agencies, knit them up into state groups, and then the F. E. S. would logically function in connection with the state agencies as would those of the state in reference to the city bureaus, but that its chief work would be in the fact-finding and standardizing field.

A careful study of the work and reports of the existing F. E. S. makes one sceptical of its value and doubtful as to its possibilities, until there is more knowledge about all phases of employment than is now had. If it can be made to function as accurately and as promptly for workers and employers as does the weather bureau for farmers and seamen, it would deserve, and receive, the enthusiastic support of the entire community; as it now operates, it is a waste of money and, worse, diverts attention from the need of information on this subject.

It would seem that the fundamental initial step in the matter of employment insurance is the acceptance of the unions by employers. It has been impossible to work out the application of unemployment insurance except by the joint action of unions, state and employers. This cannot be done here until the recognition of the union is far more common than is now the case.

The problem of employment is at present fogged-up with police, philanthropic, moral and religious questions. It must be taken into the industrial and economic laboratory if any beginning of a solution is to be had. The first good step is to turn the F. E. S. into a genuine fact-finding agency for the correlation and coördination of a system of municipal and state employment bureaus.

W. S. GOODRICH.

San Francisco, Calif.

"Free Speech—But!"

SIR: In your issue of December 30 you comment rather harshly on the action recently taken by members of the League of Catholic Women of Detroit against the public advocacy of birth control. May I invite your attention to something which, if taken into account, might have helped to mitigate the acerbity of your criticism.

Freedom of speech is a sacred privilege, in whose championship the New Republic will always have my militant sympathy. But I submit that this freedom need not be suffered to run amuck, that it ought to be exercised within reasonable limits, and that one may be pardoned for seeking to control it when it threatens to collide with other rights equally sacred and inalienable. No impertinence is intended by the suggestion that a man's right "to parade his ignorance where and when he pleases" might find itself rather firmly set aside if the man in question happened to be an intruder whose ignorance was disordering the necessary routine prevailing in the offices and press-rooms of the New Republic. Here, as often, a cherished theory would have to give ground before the advance of things that are vitally practical.

Now, the Catholic women of Detroit are dealing with what is to them a desperately serious and practical matter—namely, certain fundamental principles of Christian ethics. And so, if, in this instance, to safeguard these notions and ideals they have used Hotspur methods, surely even an ardent liberal can find for their conduct some extenuation in the circumstance that they are panicky at the prospect of having their children and their youth inoculated with a morality that smacks of the hen-roost and the barn-yard.

H. G. TAKKENBERG.

Davenport, Ia.

[Mr. Takkenberg's argument is precisely that which is always used by those who wish to have a muzzle clapped forcibly upon their opponents. No tyrant since the world began, so far as we can recall, has ever admitted that he was opposed to freedom of utterance—in principle. His objection is always to the utterance of some particular monstrous doctrine by some particular foe. The fallacy in such a doctrine is of course patent. Free speech "within limits" is not free speech at all. If your enemy is to utter only such opinions as seem to you wise and proper, he is gagged as thoroughly as he can possibly be.

The League of Catholic Women of Detroit did not attempt to answer the arguments on birth control of Dr. C. C. Little, President of the University of Michigan, as they had and have a perfect right to do. They did not seek to send out speakers of their own who could prove him wrong. Instead, they sought to have the Board of Regents order him to be silent. Mr. Takkenberg admits that this policy was panicky. It was more: it was un-American.—THE EDITORS.]

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"H. W. M."

'H. W. M.,' A Selection from the papers of H. W. Massingham. Edited by H. J. Massingham. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 368 pages. $4.

IT IS not easy to convey on paper Massingham's vivid and pungent character. He was so many-sided in his interests, so changing in his moods, that almost any emphasis is bound to omit things which require to be stressed. His interests were, I think, ultimately ethical in character; yet he was profoundly moved by the significance of form. He was, at bottom, a Puritan of fairly rigid temper; yet he was, also, able to delight in the delicate obscenities of Anatole France, and I was uncertain whether he loved Mark Rutherford more than Swift. He was not very much moved by persons; his ultimate loyalties were to ideas. That explains the unending list of men whom he selected for his allegiance, only to toss them aside as they dared to deviate from the lines he had drawn. He was a passionate democrat, in the sense that he hated the pain that our political system quite wantonly inflicts; but he was not a democrat in the sense that made Roosevelt, for example, enjoy the mere experience of mingling with a crowd of human beings. He was, ultimately, a crusader against injustice in all its forms, and the continual changes in his political outlook were, I think, the search for a body of men who would hate injustice as he did himself. He was, moreover, a lonely soul, reticent by nature, lacking, through physical weakness, that exuberance which makes the personality form natural links with others. And, basically socialist as he was, he was yet socialist because he was individualist in temper. He was searching always the means to make significant that fragment of originality in man which marks him out from his fellows. It was the sense of him as a crusader which made love of him inevitable once you were of his fellowship. He might be pessimistic, or irritable or unfair. But you knew that he was the servant of a great tradition and that, be the cost what it might, he would hold high the lamp of its truth. No one could examine his record, and doubt that it burned the more brightly because he lived.

Mr. H. J. Massingham has here collected a number of his father's papers, and illuminated them by brief tributes from some of those who knew him best. His selection has been done with great judgment, and the essays, especially those of J. L. Hammond, H. M. Tomlinson, and Vaughan Nash, are admirable analyses of one who escapes, almost by definition, the printed word. We could, I think, have spared many of the son's own comments for more of the letters from the father he tantalizingly gives in brief extract. Journalism is said to be ephemeral by the law of its being; I can only add that almost every word here printed has permanent value. It is not only the magic of the style—quick, nervous, pungent—but the fact that the style reflects the generation so vividly that one begins to see its historic meaning. If there is anywhere a better analysis of John Morley, I do not know it. If anyone has more truly caught the merits and defects of Mr. Strachey's method, his essay must be brilliant indeed. On Salisbury, Courtney, Keir Hardie, Dr. Clifford, he has things to say which go right to the heart not only of the men themselves, but also of that mystic system we call English life. The reader who scans these pages will not only see English political criticism and English dramatic criticism at their best, but he will see a great procession through the mind of as sensitive an observer as English journalism has ever known.

Above all, I believe, he will be arrested by the mind of Massingham himself. I find myself seeking his secret outside of English letters. There is an unresolved conflict therein, something of the Pascal of the Pensées, something of La Rochefoucauld, a faint echo of Anatole France. Yet they are transmuted into a peculiarly English substance. There is no system-making. Desperate ideas lie alongside each other. Massingham reveres man and despises men; he loathes religions and seeks religion; he hates politicians and is fascinated by the drama of politics. Mr. Vaughan Nash, in a penetrating sentence, says of him that he was a dramatic critic who wrote of politics. That is true, yet incomplete. He was also a moralist for whom the days passed too quickly for his thought ever to assume completeness of form. "I would love mankind had I not to mingle with them," he wrote to me once, and that points, I think, to one who loved the spectacle of incident, yet was essentially a solitary being. He never attained calm, and he never knew that calm could be attained. Indeed, I remember once at a Nation lunch his savage sentences of scorn for the hermit-life of the Oxford don, followed, Massingham-like, by the remark that he would have liked a set of rooms in "All Souls." He revered scholarship; but the scholars he cared for were the men who beat out a path directly leading to measurable social good. That was the secret of his real affection for John Stuart Mill, for Renan, and, with passionate moments of indignation at them, for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. He was an ardent admirer of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's three classic volumes; and I remember that when I was once attacking Rousseau as a sciolist he interrupted to insist that all must be forgiven to a man who felt the pain of the world. He never liked Tocqueville to whom I tried to introduce him, finding his aloofness too cool and dry for his own tempestuous feeling. Yet what attracted him most in all his American experience was the brilliant sceptic who has made the decisions of the Supreme Court a part of Anglo-American literature.

One final word I may perhaps add. The note of sadness Mr. Massingham introduces into the closing months of his father's life is right and true; I know that the loss, and the manner of the loss, of the Nation killed him. But the sense of sadness was not a sense of defeat. In the months before the end there, I examined for him many possible new ventures; and only a month before he died, he was anxiously discussing with friends the prospect of buying one of the monthly reviews, and doing with it what Morley had done with the Fortnightly a generation ago.

Whether he would have been successful I do not dare to judge. Massingham was an elfish being, in whose composition a queer strain of peevishness had an important place. It made him a great editor so long as the reins were in his own hands, but he did not easily brook alternative views. He lived passionately for the moment, and that made him hard on men who have to take long views and tread a tortuous path to the decision. He had a certain irresponsibility of judgment, often trusting to the play of intuition and emotion where the cooler and later view would have led him otherwhere. He had a low flashpoint in temper, and it needed men of Hammond's sweetness of temper to stand by him in his varying moods. He was curiously secretive in many ways, and that reserve made intimacy difficult and sometimes dubious in its results. Yet to know Massingham and to be a companion in his noble fellowship was a great experience. For he was a fighter in the service of high causes, and he never admitted that he was beaten.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

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The Indian or the Agent?

Indians of the Enchanted Desert, by Leo Crane. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 364 pages. $5.

LEO CRANE has now spoken with some heat and not without light the last word in the Indian debate. Chronologically, that is, the last. It will remain final until some champion of the pristine Indian with a more sympathetic knowledge of Indian civilization, and less hard experience in governing Indians, writes another book to refute him. Final truth we must not look for soon—perhaps never while a single Hopi remains on the Moqui Buttes, or a Navajo in the Painted Desert, to set the bureaucrats and the agents, the anthropologists and this Christian electorate by the ears. Where does justice lie between the white conquerors of a land and the dark conquered? How far should the self-sufficient life and religion of a pagan people be respected? Shall they be left alone in filth and ignorance, or improved away from the traditions of their ancestors? Shall they be emasculated by force and dependence, or left proud enough to remember their old wrongs against lonely white men? These are the thorns in the crown of the conqueror, the wakeful questions in the minds of men who believe with Plato that justice can be found. Fortunately for our national peace of mind there are few such men. In Washington they can hardly exist at all. And there are plenty of other intelligent people for whom these questions are not hard to answer, for whom, in fact, they are not even questions. For a hundred years, year by year, the answer to white imperialism has been recorded in every rich wilderness of the world, as the frail organization of the savage has inevitably gone under before the economic hunger of the white. What greed has spared, philanthropy has finished. There is never any hope. There is no more hope for the Navajo and the Hopi than for the Maori race in the South Seas or the blacks of French Africa, or the descendants of the Incas. Whether these things should happen, or in what degree, are arguable questions. But the answer is that they do.

A great deal of attention has been turned lately upon the Southwestern Indians. There is a cult of Hopi and Pueblo admirers who loudly advertise the wrongs these people have suffered at the hands of the government. Mr. Crane, however, draws a new and poignant picture of the abuses heaped upon the Indian Agent, a reviled and misunderstood character, the real hero of the piece. Mr. Crane was for eight years Agent for the Hopi reservation. He did his best against every obstacle that could be wired from Washington, and left satisfied that something had been done. This account of his achievement still simmers with old exasperations: the preposterous inventory and checking system, the useless equipment hauled out into the desert by official orders, the waste of yearly contracts, the inappropriate cottages built for employes in a climate of severe winters—all the petty tangles of red tape which hinder the agent already bound hand and foot to the orders of a spineless and unpractical department.

The duties of the Indian Agent are pleasantly diverse. He is Disbursing Officer of all money spent upon the reservation, Chief of a large staff of Civil Service employes, Director of Construction, Health Officer, Chief of Police, Deputy of the Liquor Service, Judge, Game Warden, Superintendent of Trade, Banker, Supervisor of Agriculture, Education, Ceremonies (such as the Snake Dance), fount of information for tourists, etc., etc. These duties he discharges with little encouragement from the Indians and only inquisitorial interest from Washington. Now, to give Indian policy the consistent firmness which Kit Carson and Roosevelt declared essential, the Agent, who presumably knows what is what better than anyone else, ought to have an almost autocratic authority over his little empire, without having to apply to Washington for permission at every move or to execute blindly every fool order that comes over the wire. For this protection against political vacillation and the whim of the electorate, Mr. Crane makes a very logical plea, in the sad voice of one who has tried to be the servant of a democracy.

After 1911, the year in which Mr. Crane became agent for the Hopi, transportation, water supply, health conditions and plant were vastly improved on the reservation. This was accomplished only after the subjection of Youkeoma, a fanatical old medicine man and prophet, who had for years defied the Agent and the other Hopi from his isolated village of Hotevilla. Youkeoma believed that his ancestors, the Dawn Men, had come up from the underworld and wandered until they found the Moqui Buttes where they built their villages and prescribed the rites and customs of Hopi life. What was proper for Youkeoma's ancestors was proper for him and he did not propose to be washed or vaccinated or have his children taught to read and write. "They should be dirty like the sheep," he said. "That is the old Hopi way." Mr. Crane finally induced the government to send him some troops with which he surrounded Hotevilla, and by dint of crawling through all the corn cellars of the village he managed to round up fifty-one girls and eighteen boys who were hauled away in wagons to school. Youkeoma was captured for the eighth time in his obstinate career and taken to the agency where he remained a shuffling old prisoner about the yard for the duration of Mr. Crane's term. The children were put into clean gingham and cured of trachoma and taught the useful science of household and field.

> There have been white men among the Hopi-Navajo who, unmindful of their own two thousand years of background, proposed to correct everything in an afternoon. Discovered in 1540, brought under supervision in the recent eighties, it was and is too big a job for an afternoon.

This is enough to give an idea of the kind of Indian Agent Mr. Crane was, and of his attitude toward Indian affairs. He believes in progress. He has a criterion of civilization, and thinks that the child-like savage can in time be educated up to it. This opinion is in interesting contrast to that of Mrs. Austin, who believes that in time we shall assimilate and profit by the civilization of these same Indians. For "sentimentalists" who talk about the profound meaning of Hopi legends and ceremonies, the wisdom and beauty of their existence, he has one withering retort—"and trachoma, and tuberculosis, and child prostitution," he says. He is not insensible to the "artistic value of the Hopi pueblos," but he is also aware that their quaint streets are full of offal, and that the picturesque cliff to which the village clings has no safe railing around it, and that the proud figure outlined in his blanket against the sky may be suffering from several diseases. As for the dances—the chief expression of all Indians for their prayers, passions and joys, and the back-bone of all contention about Indians, Mr. Crane remarks: "While all of the native dances should have thrown around them a thin line of supervision and restraint, many of them should be by no means 'lightly

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> The Snake Dance may be dangerous, and it is certainly revolting at first sight. And perhaps it should be prohibited. That is a point of view. I am not thoroughly convinced of its danger to Indians, since I never heard of a Hopi dying from snake-bite.

So does the white man weigh and consider his burden. Of course, Mr. Crane is right. The Indians are dirty according to our ideas of cleanliness, they are barbarous according to our ideas of education, their dances are evil according to our Christian morality. But they are not all like Youkeoma, reluctant to be improved. Tools, manufactured cloth, canned food, hospitals—one by one they are accepting and profiting by the blessings of civilization. As the old men die and carry into their pagan graves the secrets of the Dawn Men the tribes will perish. But perhaps the individuals will live, and become civilized, and console themselves with that for the desert home which the white men will end by taking from them.

It is easy to ask if we cannot let them alone. Yet the first school was started in Keams Cañon in 1887 in answer to a petition from the head-men asking that their children "grow up good of heart and pure of breath." It is easy to call for a compromise between the old Hopi life and the best in the new life which is being forced upon them. Yet one must remember that these Indians are governed half by a machine and half by a mob.

There is never any hope.

E. VINCENT.

A Literary "Baron"

In His Own Image, by Frederick Rolfe (Baron Corvo). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

Hadrian the Seventh, by the same. New York: Alfred A. Knopf (The Blue Jade Library). $3.

ONE clad in gruesome hues and printed on unworthy paper, the other properly appointed in the splendor of the Blue Jade series, two works of a brilliant, eccentric and supremely individualistic writer achieve, long overdue, their American imprint. "Baron" Corvo (the title was self-conferred) had much more than eccentricities; his senses were unusually acute—and not only the five, but the sense of all surface qualities of beauty, of the grotesque, picturesque, ridiculous, of pomp and ritual, and finally, of the right word. His poses, his pedantries, his terrific Greek derivatives, merely add to his perverse charm. He alienated all possible friends, he was early rejected for the priesthood—but clung tenaciously to his faith and took out his spite on the hierarchy that had wronged him; he lived, generally, in fastidious misery, and he wrote at least two memorable books.

The first, In His Own Image, is a collection of thirty-two of the most curious and titillating pseudo-religious stories in our literature. The author represents them as having been told him by an Italian peasant boy, one of his (probably imaginary) seven retainers, while the former, romantically crushed by the loss of a (probably imaginary) loved wife, wandered about the Peninsula. There is an unintended pathos in this very pretense of a noble sorrow in fitting surroundings: Corvo's real troubles, though many enough, were rather on the mean side, and in the imagined situation he would have been happy enough.

But Toto, the story-teller, cannot have been entirely fictitious; the tales have too authentic a flavor of the Italian soil, and the added Corvine flavors may generally be isolated. The happiest feature of the book is its composite picture, seen through lowly Latin eyes, of the domestic affairs of Paradise. For Toto, of course, heaven is primarily the place (to quote the advertising slogan) "where the promise is performed": the complex and detailed conditional promise held out by the Church Militant. So there is Sampietro at the gate, performing (however irritably) his salutary functions; within, the very definitely serried ranks of saints, martyrs, and merely blessed, the former most satisfyingly diligent in intercession when besought with sufficiently flattering assiduity. But for Toto as an heir to the Græco-Roman mythology, il Paradiso cannot confine itself to the sedentary routine of admission, harps and psalms, for it takes the place of Olympus, an active capital. Accordingly, it has its round of Matins, Vespers, and the rest, but in between, the gods (so he calls them) go forth and express their personalities. Some we come to recognize by their deeds, in spite of their canonized names, as Perseus, Narcissus, Adonis, Daphne, Eros and Psyche, whose histories have been too notable to be left back in paganism; but others strike out for themselves and have quite new adventures, even sin new sins; nor is it denied even to the little blue cherubim, mere bodiless, winged, heads, to flutter earthwards for purely frivolous purposes.

"Largely autobiographical," says the jacket of Hadrian the Seventh, though no event related (save by way of explanatory cutback) ever happened. "Autophotographic," rather; no soul in Gamaliel Bradford's pages was ever barer than Frederick Rolfe's, by the time he wrote his closing words: "Pray for the repose of his soul. He was so tired." Nor, so far as we know, was self-analysis ever effected by a bolder, nor self-vindication by a more disarming device. A magnificent daydream: the obscure and aging writer, rich only in mind, obstinacy and enemies, suddenly become (by a preliminary miracle such as pleases David Garnett today) the successor of Leo XIII, to reign one crowded year before assassination. For what he did—what he perhaps rightly dreamed he would unhesitatingly have done—there is no space here. Suffice it to say that this work, though it lacks the frivolous delights of the other, exhibits not only the other's wealth and vividness of color and imagination, but a breadth of knowledge and interest, an intensity of conviction, a passion, which add to the author's stature and render this singular apologia of an introverted Boswell something approaching great literature.

ABBE NILES.

Our Mother Tongue

The English Language in America, by George Philip Krapp. New York: The Century Company. Two vols. 732 pages. $10.

THE publication of Professor Krapp's treatise on the English language in America has been awaited with the highest expectations, and these have been in a great measure fulfilled. The publishers have done their part well. Barring a few typographical misfortunes, difficult to avoid in so extensive a work, the volumes are in every respect a credit to American bookmaking; the paper is fine and white, the type clear, large, and well proportioned, and the presswork is all that could be desired. In details of scholarship, despite a small number of instances in which the observation of the author differs from that of the reviewer, the work is on the high level which we have become accustomed to expect from Professor Krapp, and on ques-

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tions concerning present or past usage, especially in pronunciation, the volumes will soon become a standard work of reference, but the reviewer's gratitude for these benefits is tempered by emotions of disappointment and regret. These are due in part to some things that the author has done, but in larger measure to what is left undone.

The most fundamental and pervasive defect is the author's failure to stick to his problem as he himself has defined it. He professes to study "an illustrious vernacular"—"a standardized and more or less manipulated speech, to a certain degree an artificial and literary speech"; and declares that

> popular American speech is no more the real American language than the speech of the London coster is the genuine speech of England or than Apache Parisian is the genuine French.

But much of his space is devoted to recording and discussing sounds, forms, and usages characteristic of the semi-literate or of those very "garage-keepers, shopladies, or factory hands" and other persons who "disrupt every convention of propriety," whose language he professes to disregard. And he does this, not primarily for the purpose of contrast or of showing how the illustrious vernacular arose, but rather because of an interest in these shady phenomena themselves. Indeed it is only in vocabulary and syntax that he seems to recognize the existence of the illustrious vernacular; when he treats pronunciation, especially that of unstressed syllables, he seems to side frankly with the partisans of the "Amurrican Langwuge"—distinctly approving such pronunciations as goodnuss, (h)onust, pallus, nakud, and rejecting as spelling pronunciations and fads of a small coterie such pronunciations as goodniss, (h)onist, pallis (palace), profit.

The same lack of clear and consistent method appears elsewhere. The discussion of the drawl and nasality said to be characteristic of American speech is not a definite attempt to discover whether American speech really is nasal and drawling and if so, why, but a desultory survey and rejection of various theories of cause, leading insensibly to the rather vague belief that probably American speech is not nasal or drawling and that anyhow the Puritans brought the nasality and the drawl from old England.

The tendency to minimize the differences between British and American English appears also in the treatment of vocabulary. Professor Krapp maintains that the vocabulary of English has remained practically unchanged during its three hundred years of existence in America. This attitude of course involves a very summary treatment of new words and phrases and new meanings of old words and phrases which have developed in consequence of the great and widespread changes in modern life due to inventions and the development of new methods in practically every field of commerce, industry, and politics, as well as in scientific conceptions. It also involves a disregard of the rather striking tendency in American speech to substitute terms originally abstract for concrete ideas, though Professor Krapp himself quotes one of the most striking examples of this tendency: "Have you got your transportation?" Any American who has tried to travel or shop in England or any Englishman who has tried to travel or shop in America will testify that the whole phraseology of common life is different in the two countries, and any American scholar who has written for British periodicals or books will testify to a constant sense of the difference between British and American usage in what is commonly called literary English. It is doubtless true, as Professor Krapp zealously labors to prove, that hundreds of the details which constitute the characteristics of American English can be shown to exist in some part of England at the present day or to have existed at some time in the past. But surely we are sufficiently familiar with this aspect of the subject and are ready for the more interesting and valuable study of the features which in the actual usage of the present day distinguish the English of America from that of England.

The treatment of the dialect question is also disappointing. Professor Krapp is much concerned to show that local dialects do not exist in America. To do this he makes use of the fact well known to scholars that it is impossible anywhere to draw sharp dialect boundaries and that dialect differences are distinguished only in degree from the differences in individuals. Notwithstanding all this, it remains certain that characteristic differences do exist between the manners in which the English language is spoken in New England, in Virginia, in Georgia, and in the Middle West. Wherever a hearer recognizes a manner of speaking his language different from that of himself and his neighbors, a different dialect exists in a true and genuine sense. And dialects cannot be abolished by the complexity of the problem and the impossibility of fixing definite boundaries. Moreover, Professor Krapp writes of American dialects as if he were dealing not with speech-habits which now exist and can be studied at first hand, but with the dialects of forgotten centuries. He undoubtedly has come into direct contact with hundreds of speakers from every part of this country and has learned to guess the habitat of each with considerable accuracy from his manner of speaking. But instead of giving us the result of his personal observations he studies these dialects as dead languages from their transcripts—usually the work of non-experts in language—in what is called dialect literature. These of course differ greatly in value, but none of them really represents with any accuracy the dialect in question. Dialect spelling in literature is indeed a good deal like the mediæval system of writing music in neumes. The system does not enable one unfamiliar with the dialect or tune to reproduce it, but only serves as a sort of reminder to the person who already knows it. In view of these facts it need not surprise us that Professor Krapp makes the astonishing statement that "When writers elsewhere have written in dialect they have always written in what is but a very slightly modified form of rustic New England dialect"; or that he attempts to interpret the crude and hopelessly artificial eighteenth century attempts at Negro dialect as Gullah.

The chapter on inflection and syntax can only be characterized as negligible. The discussion of syntax should have been one of the most interesting and valuable in the volume. The chapter on style discusses in addition to the popular or informal the flamboyant, the oratorical, slang, and the rustic philosophic style. There is certainly abundant material for a discussion not only of differences in the colloquial style but also in the literary style of the two countries.

A psychological study of slang would alone furnish forth an interesting volume. Despite all that has been said casually on the subject, there exists no treatise which attempts to classify the different types of locutions commonly lumped together as slang, to discover their psychological basis, and to determine their respective relations to colloquial speech in general, but Professor Krapp is obviously not interested in this subject, for he not only does not distinguish such

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elaborate artificialities as those of George Ade from real slang, but remarks: "With all its vivid differentiation, the psychology of slang is relatively simple."

With the exception just noted, the shortcomings which we have pointed out could all have been remedied by so able a scholar as Professor Krapp, and we can only regret that he did not see fit to do so. We do not wish, however, to close on this note, for despite the defects pointed out, Professor Krapp's volumes are a welcome and notable contribution to the history of English in America and as such will be warmly received by all interested in the subject.

JOHN M. MANLY.

Property in Persons

Possession, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

MR. BROMFIELD announces this novel as the second in a series set under way by The Green Bay Tree. In the years that have elapsed since the first publication the author has gained a degree of penetration and power that makes this book a serious and enthralling work of art where the former was merely a mild intellectual stimulant. Although not a sequel to The Green Bay Tree, Possession deals with many of the same characters, and amplifies the theme of Lily Shane's escape from the constraints of "the Town" to the tragic proportions of her cousin Ellen Tolliver's struggle for self-possession against the terrible forces of emotional covetousness. We are reminded of the fatal attempt at ownership in persons in The Man of Property. Mr. Bromfield's series may parallel The Forsyte Saga as a prophecy of the doom of spiritual possessiveness—its inevitable woe to pursuer and pursued. "It seems to me," says Ellen Tolliver, "that we are always fighting, fighting to save the part of us which is ourselves."

Possession is not a chronicle of single combat, but of a veritable warfare waged in almost all human relations—the relentless, pitiful and terrible greed impelling parent and child, husband and wife, friend and friend, to domination over other minds and destinies. Perhaps its most tragic manifestation, because most hopeless and at the same time most nearly disinterested, is in the wars of independence between parents and children. Mrs. Tolliver, the Hattie Barr of The Green Bay Tree, is superbly drawn as the devoted and indomitable proprietor of her family. Other characters reveal in greater or less degree variations of the original destructive force—most destructive when most fiercely conservative, as inflammable material becomes explosive when confined. An interesting contrast of types is presented in the character of the woman placed beside Ellen in a parallel effort for detachment—Sabine Cane, fearful of life as Ellen is covetous of experience. To both, in their common need for protection—against emotional torture for one, spiritual capture for the other—Mr. Bromfield's somewhat pessimistic philosophy proffers the same armor.

He suggests detachment and indifference as the Way of Liberation, since the only characters who may be considered successful are those who have achieved these qualities; but to offset a purely negative life-policy he admits a possible program of personal ambition which may be successful in so far as it remains subjective. It is the outward-reaching, clutching quality of the claims made upon life by the personages of the book that foredooms them to frustration. This is a story of ruthless wars of conquest, assaults upon objects of desire—things, persons, experiences—fierce and dark, but filled with the clang of heroic conflict, the challenge and defiance that makes a stirring creed of the starkest Stoicism.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

A Philosophical Problem

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science, by Edwin Arthur Burtt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 349 pages. $5.

THE problem of knowledge and the relation of mind to body are the chief philosophical puzzles of today. But it was not always thus. Ancient and mediæval thinkers were not much troubled by these problems. For them man stood in the centre of the universe, the most important part of creation. Everything about him existed for his use and benefit, and he himself for the glory of God. Man was at home in his world. Everything was knowable.

Then along came Copernicus and thrust him out from that centre, Kepler made mathematical simplicity and harmony, when exactly verified by observations, the criterion of truth. Galileo started the doctrine concerning primary and secondary qualities, that the former alone were mathematically intelligible, hence objectively real, the latter subjective and often illusory. Descartes made the world a vast machine, and locked up the mind in a small compartment of the brain. Finally Newton gathered all the loose threads, and wove them into a new metaphysics, which, by virtue of his great authority, was unconsciously fastened upon the modern world along with his mathematical and physical discoveries.

Examining this new world view, we find the ancient categories—"substance, accident, and causality, essence and idea, matter and form, potentiality and actuality," replaced by the modern terms—"forces, motions, and laws, changes of mass in space and time, and the like." God and man are swept from the realm of intelligible reality. Instead of the lord of creation, man has become "but the chance and temporary product of a blind and purposeless nature, an irrelevant spectator of her doings, almost an alien intruder on her domain," destined at last, in the words of Bertrand Russell, to become "buried in a universe of ruins. . . . Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way."

As a result we have the terrible problem of epistemology on our hands. How to regain for man a dignified place in this world of mathematical entities without sacrificing the achievements of science is the problem to which modern philosophers have devoted their futile endeavors. Perhaps it cannot be done in terms of the new categories. Therefore we must subject the metaphysics of science to a searching analysis. Maybe we shall then find a way out. So far it has not been done. Neither does our author do it. But meanwhile he has gathered a large mass of pertinent historical data, quoting largely from the original works of Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Kepler, Newton, and many others, and woven it into an interesting and connected account. This should be of great value to other students of the same problems. Even those who may disagree with some of the author's interpretations, will find here all the material necessary to form their own divergent opinions.

MORTON MOTT-SMITH.

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Shelley's Mysticism

The Psychology of the Poet Shelley, by Edward Carpenter and George Barnefield. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 127 pages. $2.

SHELLEY in the dark chambers of the Freudians seems as much out of place as a butterfly in a blacksmith shop. Yet the psycho-analysts may do something to clear up certain obscure points in the life of a neurotic bard. Edward Carpenter, as the author of Pagan and Christian Creeds, is well qualified to treat of the mystic aspects of the poet, and mysticism, as Professor Leuba has recently shown, has much to do with suppressed sex impulses. Now many of Shelley's poems, such as the Epipsychidion, as Carpenter says, seem "up in the air," a plain phrase for the process of sublimation of an intimate love passion. But Shelley, as is here stated, while showing the utmost boldness in facing out certain problems connected with sex, such as incest and polygamy, at the same time treats with marked reserve and a kind of childlike innocence any direct reference to any physical sex-acts. Thus the exalting of the objects of his adorations into an ideal sphere might be called a defence mechanism. Yet it might be going too far to treat this phase as anything more than a persistent adolescence. Those who knew Shelley intimately remarked on his air of innocence. As the common-sense Trelawney asked: "Was it possible that this mild-looking beardless boy, with his flushed feminine face, could be the veritable monster at war with all the world?"

The femininity of Shelley is one thing, the implication of his bi-sexual nature quite another. The Epipsychidion may have been suggested by the well-known statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre. Of this Carpenter sanely says that the allusion does not prove anything, but certainly illustrates the poet's wide ranging interest in whatever might possibly fall within the domain of human experience. As Mr. Barnefield suggests there is need for further study of Shelley by an experienced psycho-analyst. The erotic conflict is the theme of this book but "until we understand the inner tragedy of his life, we can hardly understand the poet or his song."

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

A Correction

It has been called to the Editors' attention that in the article entitled Practical Democracy, appearing in the issue of December 2 (Part II), Darwin is erroneously stated to be on the Roman Catholic Index Librorum Prohibitorum.

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